

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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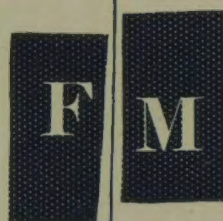
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The World Famous  
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INCORPORATED IN 1720

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HEAD OFFICE AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON



**True to tradition...**

*After a painting by David Cobb, R.O.I., S.M.A.*

#### FAST PATROL BOATS

**W**ith hulls of laminated wood on frames of light alloy these craft have the speed and strength to log forty knots and more, even in rough waters. Armed with two 21-inch torpedo tubes or 4.5 quick-firing guns (and sometimes with both) they are fierce little fighters indeed. Small, fast and extremely manœuvrable they present a difficult target to aircraft and ships, and are a fine example of the Navy's versatility.

*Player's  
Please*



[NCC 116B]

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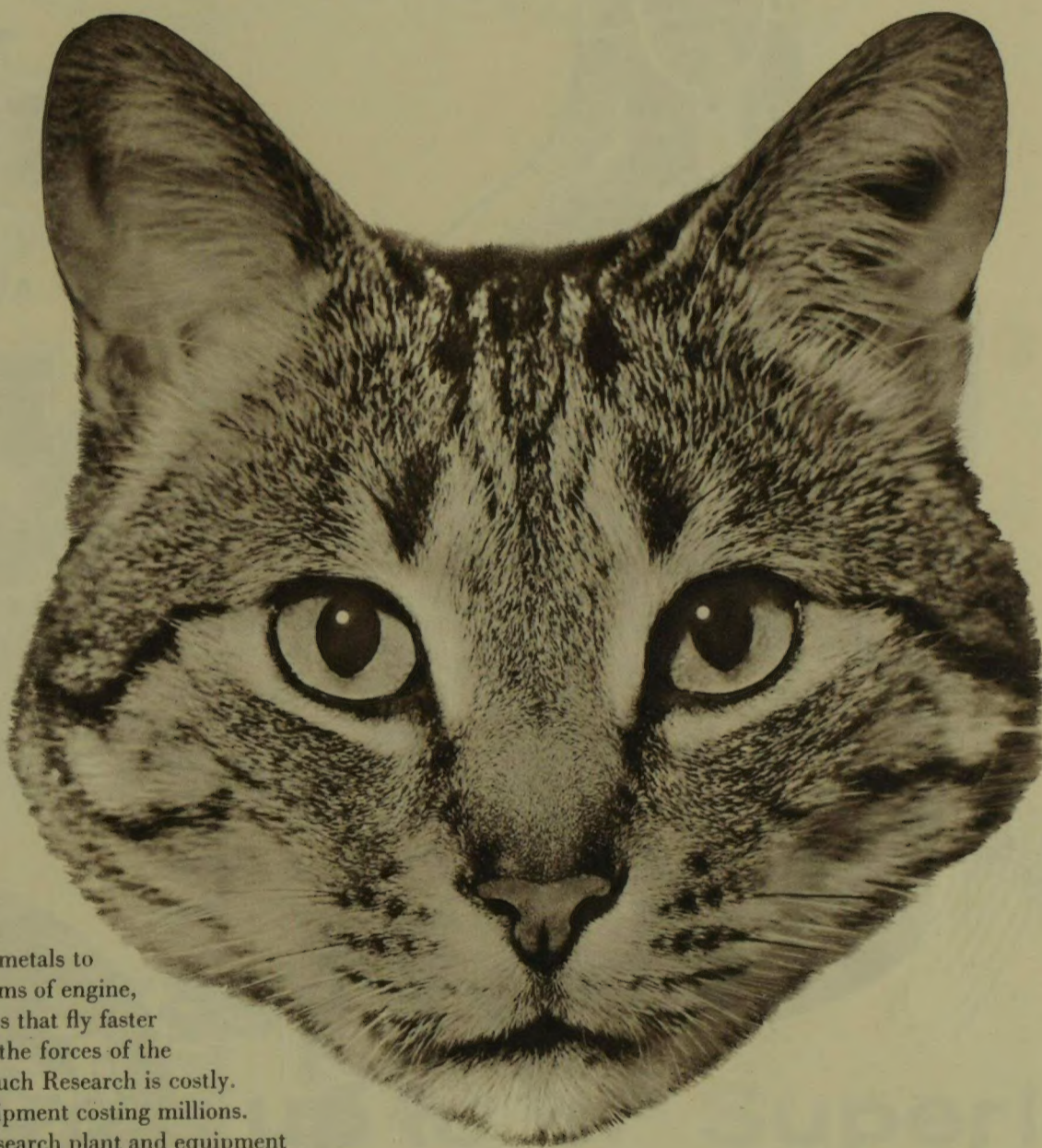
## Does

### Curiosity

### Cost?

Yes, we know that Curiosity killed the fabled cat, but that was *idle* Curiosity. We, and the rest of the world, who plan and scheme the future are intensely curious, and indeed vitally concerned with the fantastic tomorrow of high speed flight, rockets, the outer atmosphere, space satellites. We call this Research.

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A scotch  
of great  
worth

*Worth looking for—worth treasuring*

Now! the greatest  
advance in rear  
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.....  
*The NEW SUPER*  
**MULTIGRIP**

THE ALL-SURFACE  
ALL-YEAR-ROUND TYRE BY

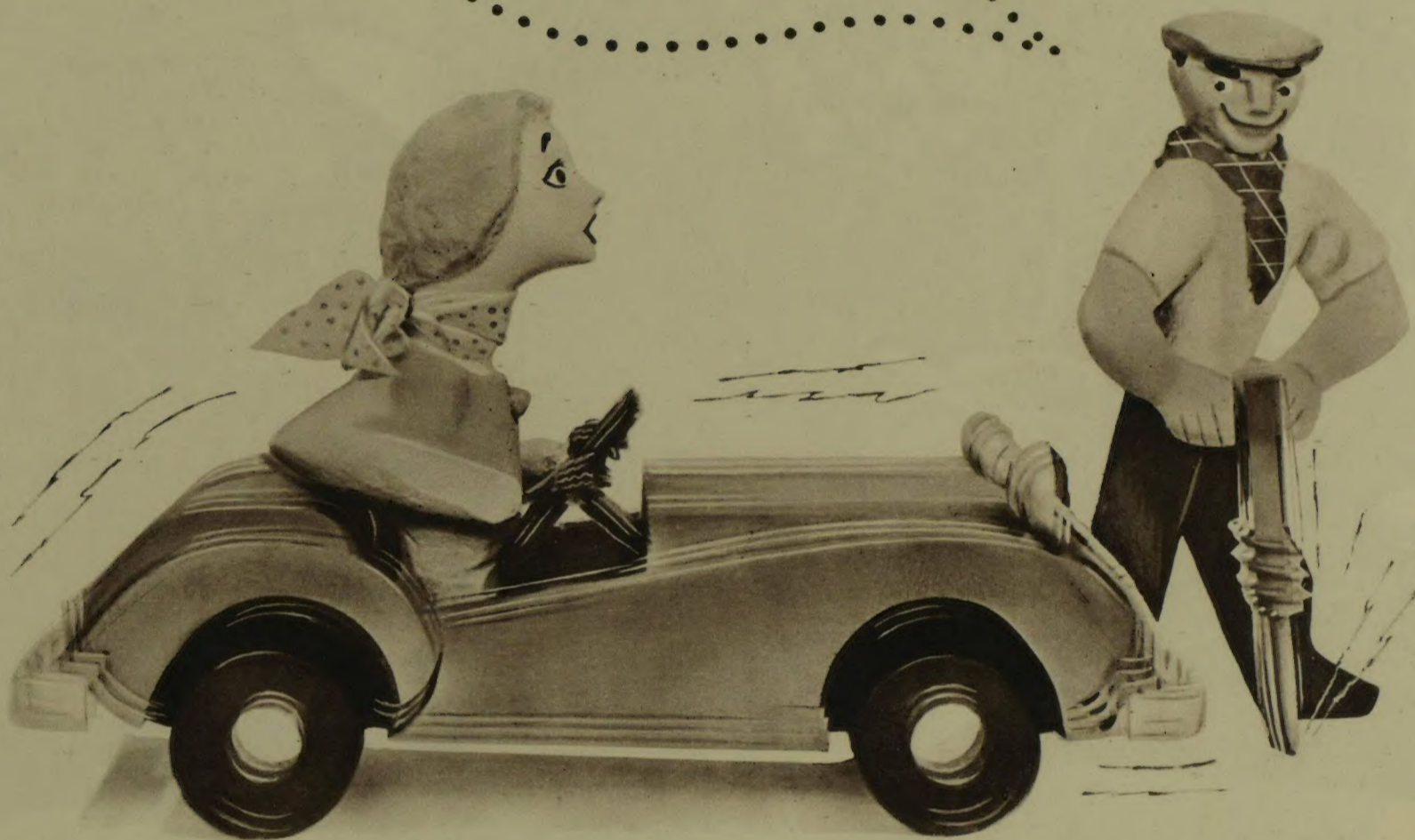
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The new MULTIGRIP  
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MULTIGRIP is surprisingly quiet on 'A' surface  
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or slush—Ask your tyre man now to show  
you India Super MULTIGRIP  
(Tubeless or with Tube)



INDIA QUALITY AND  
MILEAGE THROUGH THE YEAR—THROUGH THE YEARS

Got that  
pinking  
feeling?



## Go to a BP Garage and change up to BP Super!

"It's the petrol that's  
tops with me!"  
says **Stirling Moss**



"BP Super—what a petrol! I've won quite a few major races on it, and the increased performance it gives is very marked indeed. No matter what sort of car you drive, you'll find the same thing. Up goes your top speed . . . your acceleration . . . your hill climbing capacity in top gear. Yet with all that, it's splendidly economical.

Of course, the main reason I'd go to a BP Garage is to get BP Super. But it's far from the only one. For instance they stock that amazing engine oil BP Energol 'Visco-static'.

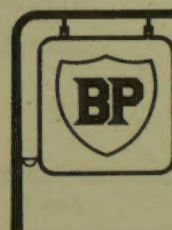
Then there's service. I've tried out a good many garages for minor repairs, tuning, and things like that. And nowadays I like to 'drive in where I see the BP sign'. BP Garages really know their jobs. I can always rely on them to find out what's wrong, and put it right. Quickly—and at a reasonable price.

Why not give your local BP Garage a try. I'm quite sure you'll be glad you did."

*Stirling Moss*

**DRIVE IN WHERE YOU SEE THE BP SIGN**

THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED





**"I never miss" said the Major,**

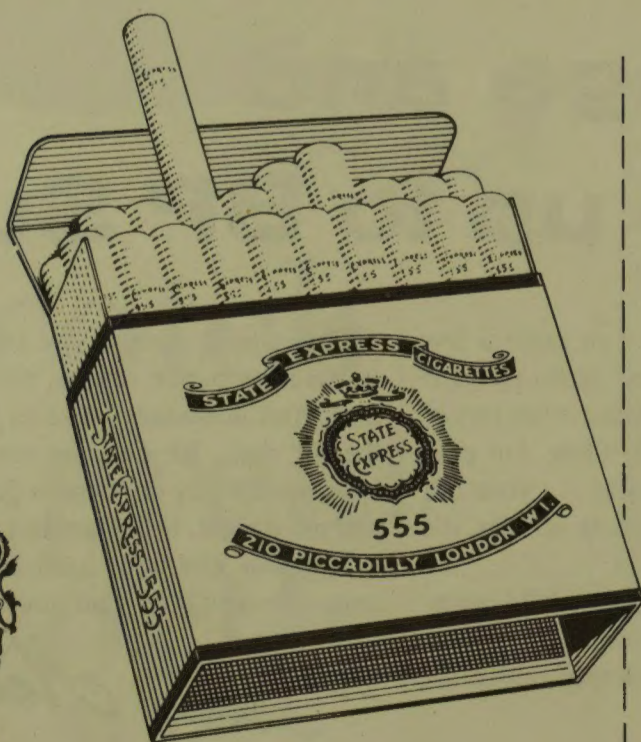
"a trifle extra on a packet. It's little enough, these days, for the satisfaction of smoking a very much better cigarette."

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**Johnnie Walker**

—there's no better drink than the smooth  
round whisky in the square bottle

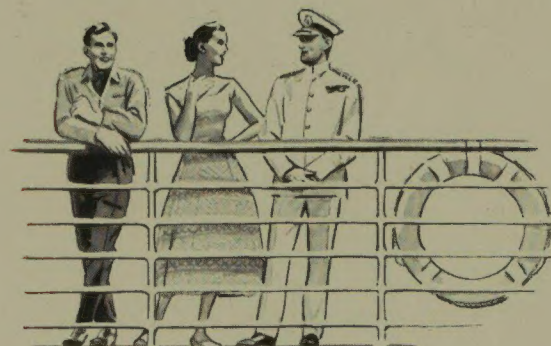


*BORN 1820 — still going strong*

# "South Africa

gives you  
the holiday of a lifetime!"

SAYS THE CAPTAIN OF THE FLAGSHIP

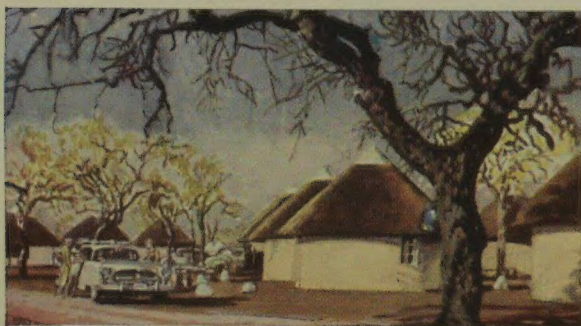


We carry a large number of passengers who come to South Africa to escape the winter, and also to enjoy a holiday you won't find anywhere else in the world.

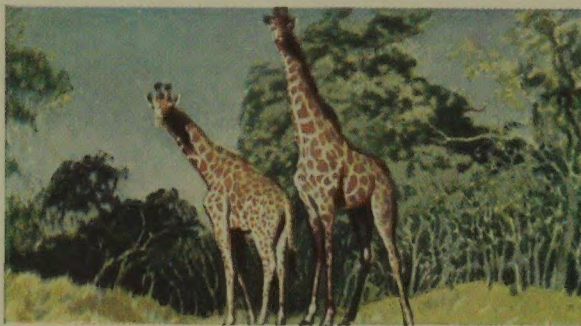
South Africa offers a welcome change from a European holiday. There is so much to do and to see that is completely and fascinatingly different. Where else can you study wild animals in their natural surroundings and do it safely from a car? Where else will you see Native life in all its colour and

quaintness? And when you've travelled around and seen and enjoyed the marvels of this amazing land, there are quiet resorts where you can relax—or fashionable places where you may join in a gay social round.

But it's the sunshine that makes everything so marvellous. There it is, shining on you every day . . . bright, beautiful and heartening. South Africa gives you the finest holiday you'll find anywhere in the world.



A camp in the game reserve



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# South Africa

LAND OF  
SUNNY CONTRASTS

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1957.



ONE OF THE LAST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ILL-FATED *PAMIR*: THE FOUR-MASTED SAILING SHIP IN THE RIVER PLATE SHORTLY BEFORE SHE LEFT BUENOS AIRES, LOADED WITH BARLEY, FOR THE START OF HER LAST VOYAGE.

The four-masted German sailing ship *Pamir*, which foundered in a hurricane 500 miles south-west of the Azores on September 21 with the loss of all but six of the eighty-six people on board, was on her way from Buenos Aires to Hamburg with a cargo of barley. This photograph, one of the last of the ill-fated vessel, was taken by Second Officer P. R. Brown from the Royal

Mail ship *Darro* at La Plata on July 25 or 26. It shows *Pamir* in the River Plate on her way to Buenos Aires, where she arrived on July 26, and after loading with barley, departed on August 10. Photographs of some of the survivors of the S.V. *Pamir* and some of the rescue ships which took part in the widespread search in the South Atlantic appear on page 539.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SO the British Government is going to meet the inflationary challenge at last! Or is it? And I think, to anyone who reflects on the political scene, the answer must be, yes. For, having suddenly raised the Bank Rate to an all but unprecedented and dramatic level and declared its resolve to ration the issue of money, not only to the nation as a whole but to those perennial floodgates of inflationary pressure, the nationalised industries, the Government—if this is not using too mixed a metaphor!—has burnt its boats. It cannot now withdraw and yield to the coming demand by Organised Labour for wage increases unrelated to increased production without a loss of face and credit incompatible with its own continued existence. It has thus shown that rarest of political virtues in a democratic state, courage, and by its courage it, and its supporters, must now stand or fall.

Personally, I believe its courage is likely to be rewarded. In the long run, courage nearly always is, even in politics. And I believe this even though I have grave doubts as to whether, under present-day conditions, a high bank rate is the correct economic, as distinct from political, remedy for inflation. The present Prime Minister, whatever else he may be or not be, is a man of great courage; those who have known him in war and politics alike have never had any doubts on that point. Even in small matters he has always stood fast by his convictions and commitments; and at many stages of his career he has held original views unusual in a Tory and championed unorthodox causes. Some critics of his Government maintain that as, under his predecessor, the same Government, after a bold and dramatic, indeed almost melodramatic, gesture over Suez, suddenly reversed its policy in the face of opposition and, as they deem, surrendered, no confidence can be placed in anything it does, and that, whenever it encounters serious opposition, it will surrender again. But I have always felt that such critics, many of whom are swayed by strong Party feelings, have forgotten that the ostensible—and, I am convinced, the real—object of the Suez operation was not to recover our lost position in the Canal Zone or to punish President Nasser for his breach of faith, but to avert an outbreak of war in the Middle East over what was then, and is still, the most likely and dangerous *casus belli* in both the Middle East and the world. It was the likelihood of an Arab versus Israel crusade, backed by Moscow, that caused Prime Minister Eden to act, as many felt, with such precipitate haste. It was, in reality, immaterial that it was the Jews who, forestalling their constantly threatening and far more numerous enemies, lit off the powder magazine; once lit, there was only one thing, in Eden's opinion, to do; to halt the conflict in the one position where, in his view, it could still be

halted—on the Canal towards which the Egyptians were already in flight, and before their more courageous Arab allies marched to their aid. When the United Nations, stung at long last into action by Britain's and France's unilateral intervention, announced its readiness to send an international police force to keep the peace on the Egyptian-Israel frontier, the British Government offered to withdraw its forces and prevailed on the French Government to do likewise. That it did so without obtaining assurances of redress for Britain's violated rights—and vital interests—in the hitherto international Suez Canal, suggests, like the unpreparedness of its military and amphibious forces, that it had only one motive for its fiercely criticised action—its proclaimed desire to extinguish a conflagration that might

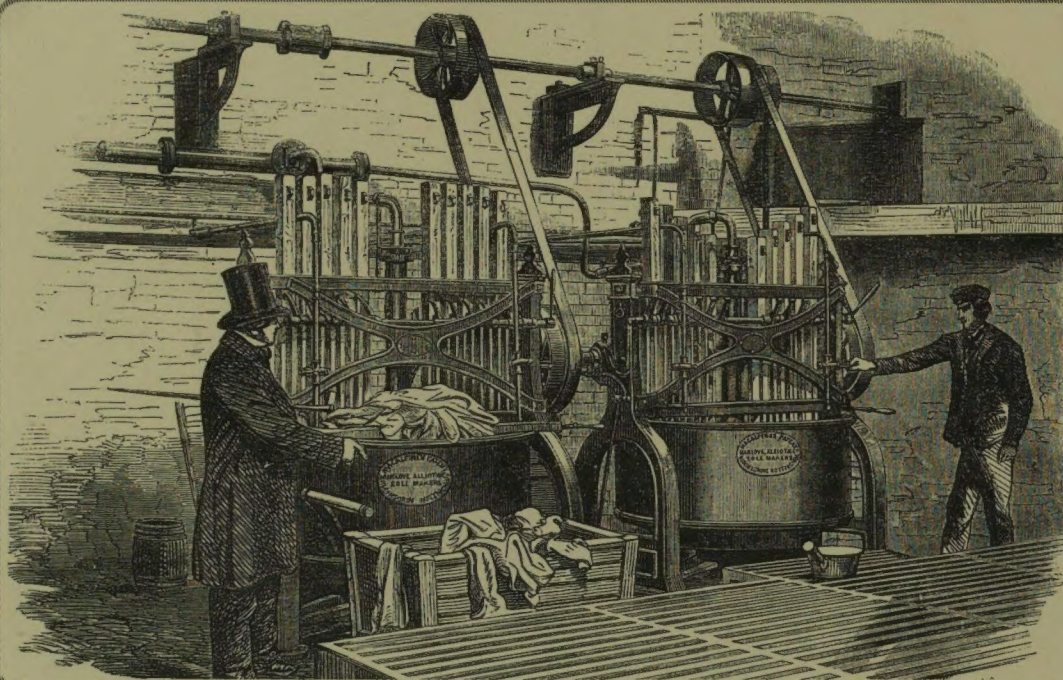
that matter, Churchill for the military defects of the Chamberlain administration in the winter of 1939-40.

No, I do not believe the Macmillan Government, having put its hand to the plough, will turn back; to use a modern idiom, it clearly means business. Whether the heavy financial weapon it has taken is the best technically calculated to achieve its object remains to be seen, but psychologically it almost certainly is and, right or wrong, the Administration is bound to go through with it. Provided it does so and does not quit, it will have the backing of the country, and, I feel sure, the growing backing, whatever the leaders of Organised Labour may decide to do. For on its success or failure in this vital matter depends the stability, unity and safety of our

country; the alternative is uncontrolled inflation and the breakdown of our economic polity, and, in a land dependent on foreign imports and that cannot feed itself, that could be a very terrible thing. Once the true issue is made clear to the British people—and a large number of them are already aware of it—they will face the implications, as they always do in the last resort, and close their ranks. Indeed, such is the fatal result of the selfish and sectional wage and dividend race of the past years—of big wage packets chasing big cars and expense accounts and *vice versa*—that without this measure they cannot close them. We have got to learn to think and act as a nation again, and this necessitates leadership. The Government seems prepared at last to give it, and I hope it will be impartial leadership.

As for the longer view and the purely technical pros and cons of the Government's financial policy, I have my doubts as to whether high money rates or high taxation—the classical nineteenth-century and early twentieth-century recipes for combating inflation—are in reality the

#### A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN ILLUSTRATION AND QUOTATION FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF OCTOBER 3, 1857.



#### A WASHING MACHINE AND "SPIN DRYER" OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: THE STEAM-WASHING MACHINERY INSTALLED AT ST. PANCRAS WORKHOUSE.

A hundred years ago "the Directors of the Poor of St. Pancras, finding the existing laundry arrangements very defective, decided . . . on adopting the best description of washing machinery they could meet with." They finally installed, to deal with the washing of 8000 articles every week, the machinery shown in this illustration. One machine did the washing, "a circular iron vessel turning on a central shaft, with 'ratchet' or intermittent motion." Wooden beaters drove the suds through the clothes and the water was kept boiling "by the introduction of steam through the central shaft. By the simple intermittent motion . . . the finest muslin may be washed without the slightest injury." After being rinsed in a revolving machine in which the clothes were tossed from side to side under jets of clean water, all the moisture was removed from them in the Hydro-Extractor. "During the late war, two machines were sent out and erected at the hospital in Smyrna, and subsequently removed to Scutari, where they were much approved of by Miss Nightingale."

easily have set the world ablaze. My own view, for what it is worth, has always been that, because of our vital interests in Middle East oil and the Canal and, still more, because of the danger of an Arab-Israel conflict, Britain ought not to have relied on Dictator Nasser's word and withdrawn from its strategic bases in the Eastern Egyptian desert; nor, having once returned to Suez, do I believe she was wise to withdraw when she did. But on its own professions the Eden Government acted consistently, and I cannot see how a fair-minded man, used to weighing historical evidence, can charge it with surrendering because it honoured those professions. Nor can the present Prime Minister, who was a member of that Government, be held any more responsible for its actions in the matter than Palmerston, after he became Prime Minister in 1855, was held responsible for the earlier faults and omissions of the Aberdeen Government, of which he had formerly been a member, or, for

answer to the economic problems of the kind of world we are passing into. Both, as we have seen, by being added to the producer's charge to the consumer, merely quicken the inflationary spiral unless the issue of money is so rigidly controlled at the source that it cannot be increased at all. At the moment, by the extreme use of an antiquated weapon from the armoury of *laissez-faire*, combined with an absolute *non-possumus* to the borrowing pleas of Industry, including the Nationalised Industries, the Government is seeking to achieve this last as a temporary measure. The real and ultimate need, when our imperilled currency is once more on an even keel, will be to find a means, in a world of revolutionary productive techniques and competing protectionist systems, to equate national and personal production to national and personal consuming power. Neither Adam Smith nor Marx can provide the answer for a free nation in an atomic age. It requires a new one.

THE LOSS OF THE S.V. *PAMIR*: SURVIVORS AND OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS.

FOUND ALONE IN A LIFEBOAT AND RESCUED BY THE U.S. CUTTER *ABSECON*: GUENTHER HASSELBACH, THE SIXTH SURVIVOR.



ONE OF THE FIVE SURVIVORS FIRST RESCUED: CADET KARL KRAAZ, WHO COMES FROM HAMBURG, HAMBURG.



RESCUED BY THE AMERICAN FREIGHTER *SAXON*: KARL OTTO DUEMMER, A TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD SHIP'S BAKER, AND THE OLDEST SURVIVOR.



ONE OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE FIFTY-ONE CADETS WHO WERE ON BOARD *PAMIR*: SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD VOLKERT ANDERS.



ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF *PAMIR*'S CREW TO SURVIVE: EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD ORDINARY SEAMAN KLAUS FREDRICHS.



SAVED AFTER FIFTY-FOUR HOURS IN AN OPEN BOAT: ORDINARY SEAMAN HANS GEORG WIRTH, OF THE LOST SAILING SHIP *PAMIR*.



BELIEVED TO BE THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF *PAMIR*: THE ILL-STARRED VESSEL LEAVING HARBOUR AT BUENOS AIRES, BOUND FOR HAMBURG, AT THE START OF HER LAST VOYAGE.



LOST WITH HIS SHIP: CAPTAIN DIEBITSCH, WHO WAS COMMANDING *PAMIR* ON HER LAST VOYAGE IN THE ABSENCE, THROUGH ILLNESS, OF HER USUAL MASTER.



THE CADET WHO DID NOT SAIL ON *PAMIR*'S LAST VOYAGE: ECKARD ROCH, OF LUEBECK, WHO LEFT THE SHIP AT BUENOS AIRES FOR HOSPITAL TREATMENT AFTER A FALL ON BOARD.



ABSENT FROM HIS SHIP OWING TO ILLNESS: CAPTAIN EGGERS, THE *PAMIR*'S USUAL MASTER, WHO DID NOT SAIL IN HER ON HER LAST ILL-FATED VOYAGE.



THE SHIP WHICH PICKED UP THE SIXTH SURVIVOR: THE U.S. COAST GUARD CUTTER *ABSECON*, WHICH TOOK PART IN THE SEARCH.



THE SHIP WHICH TOOK THE FIVE SURVIVORS TO CASABLANCA AFTER THEY HAD BEEN TRANSFERRED TO HER FROM THE S.S. *SAXON*: THE U.S. TRANSPORT *GEIGER* (17,600 TONS).

Shortly after the four-masted sailing ship *Pamir* (3103 tons) sent out an SOS on Saturday, September 21, giving her position as some 500 miles south-west of the Azores, ships and aircraft went with all speed to her aid. There then followed days of intensive search over a wide area of the South Atlantic in the hope of finding survivors. At first it was feared that the great sailing ship had gone down with all hands, but fifty-four hours later five men were picked up from a waterlogged lifeboat by the American freighter *Saxon*. These five men, two of them cadets, are shown in the photographs on this page. On the following day, September 24, the U.S.

Coast Guard cutter *Absecon* rescued the sixth survivor, Guenther Hasselbach, aged twenty. He was the only survivor of twenty-one men who had got away in one of the lifeboats. Reports that forty other survivors had been picked up were later proved to be erroneous. Survivors gave a full report of the last ordeal of the S.V. *Pamir* and described how the hurricane carried away the sails and caused the ship to list to port until the masts were in the water. No lifeboats could be launched, but they were later torn from the ship by the force of the sea. Finally, the ship rolled over and sank, taking men caught in rigging and lines.

# TRAINING FOR CIVILIAN LIFE: THE ARMY'S HIGHER EDUCATION CENTRE.



DURING A COURSE IN PLASTERING: COLONEL P. I. HOLMES, R.A.S.C. (RIGHT), WORKING SIDE BY SIDE WITH CORPORAL J. L. HUNT, R.E.



IN ONE OF THE UP-TO-DATE AND WELL-EQUIPPED WORKSHOPS AT NO. 2 HIGHER EDUCATION CENTRE, ALDERSHOT: A WELDING CLASS IN PROGRESS.



TEACHING BRICKLAYING TO A COLONEL AND A PRIVATE: CAPTAIN G. T. CALDER, ROYAL PIONEER CORPS, DEMONSTRATING A POINT.



A LESSON IN BALANCE: LIEUT.-COLONEL F. I. C. WETHERELL, R.T.R., IS SHOWN HOW TO PLACE BRICKS INTO A WHEELBARROW BY PTE. T. WRAY, GREEN HOWARDS.



IN FRONT OF A NOTICE DESCRIBING THE ACTIVITIES OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION CENTRE: MAJOR F. M. TOZER, R.A., WHO WAS ATTENDING A COURSE.



IN THE INFORMATION ROOM: LIEUT.-COLONEL D. ST. LEGER MOORE, R.A., STUDYING A PAMPHLET ON "THE COMPANY SECRETARY."



THE MOST POPULAR COURSE AT THE CENTRE: OFFICERS AND N.C.O.S ATTENDING A CLASS IN THE 28-DAY HOUSE MAINTENANCE COURSE.

Regular soldiers of all ranks work side by side at No. 2 Higher Education Centre, Aldershot, where, since 1952, the Royal Army Educational Corps has arranged a variety of courses designed to give soldiers retiring from Regular service some preparation for civilian life and work. At present about 1000 men—ranging in rank from general to private—are passing through the centre each year, but a big increase is expected when the run-down in the strength of the Army begins to take effect. The Centre holds courses in



WORKING FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION: THREE STUDENTS AT THE CENTRE, WHERE ACADEMIC AS WELL AS PRACTICAL COURSES ARE HELD.

subjects as varied as bricklaying and theology, for its aim is to provide for the requirements of all applicants. One of its most recent ventures has been a new course in agriculture, arranged in conjunction with the Surrey County Council. Probably most popular among the courses, which usually last 28 days, is the "household maintenance" course, at which retiring soldiers learn how to do essential odd jobs in their homes. There is a similar Centre at Catterick, and smaller ones have been opened in Germany and the Far East.

## TO BE VISITED BY THE QUEEN ON HER ARRIVAL IN THE U.S.: WILLIAMSBURG AND JAMESTOWN.



(Left.)  
THE OLDEST ACADEMIC BUILDING IN THE UNITED STATES: THE GREAT BUILDING OF THE COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY, NOW KNOWN AS THE WREN BUILDING, AT WILLIAMSBURG.

(Right.)  
TO BE OCCUPIED BY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DURING THEIR VISIT TO WILLIAMSBURG ON OCTOBER 16: A SUITE ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE WILLIAMSBURG INN.



WHERE THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ARE TO SPEND THEIR FIRST NIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES: THE WILLIAMSBURG INN, JUST OUTSIDE THE RESTORED AREA OF WILLIAMSBURG.



TO BE VISITED BY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ON THE DAY OF THEIR ARRIVAL IN VIRGINIA: THE JAMESTOWN FESTIVAL PARK, SEEN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE AIR.



A REPRODUCTION OF THE EARLIEST "TOWN" BUILT BY THE FIRST PERMANENT ENGLISH COLONISTS IN THE NEW WORLD: THE RECONSTRUCTED JAMES FORT OF 1607, WHICH COMPRISES EIGHTEEN THATCHED WATTLE-AND-DAUB BUILDINGS AND A CHURCH.

The programme for the Queen's forthcoming visit to the United States starts in Virginia, where the Queen and the Duke are to arrive by air at Patrick Henry Airport, not far from Williamsburg, on October 16. Their first day is to be spent at the Jamestown Festival, where the 350th anniversary of the foundation of the first permanent British settlement in the New World is being celebrated this year. The first night of their visit is to be spent at Williamsburg, a few miles from Jamestown, which has been restored in the image of its early colonial form. Here the Royal visitors are to stay at Williamsburg Inn,



AT JAMESTOWN: RECONSTRUCTIONS OF THE THREE SHIPS THAT BROUGHT THE FIRST ENGLISH SETTLERS TO THE NEW WORLD (L. TO R.), THE 100-TON SUSAN CONSTANT; THE 40-TON GODSPEED AND THE 20-TON DISCOVERY.

which was opened in 1937 and is built in an architectural style reminiscent of the Virginia springs hotels of the early nineteenth century. Among the many exhibits which the Queen will see in the Festival Park at Jamestown is the reconstructed James Fort of 1607, which was built by the first permanent English colonists in the New World. Not far away, in James River, the Queen and the Duke will see the colourful reconstructions of *Susan Constant*, *Godspeed* and *Discovery*, which set sail down the Thames from London on December 20, 1606, "to find out a safe port" along "the coast of Virginia."

IT may be that discussion of the economic crisis from a pen so little used to dealing with such matters will be received with small respect or even with derision. Yet this is the over-mastering subject now and not easy to avoid. In any case, one who is a humble investor, who remembers a fair amount of the instruction in economics he received many years ago, and who grows poorer through monetary inflation, ought to be capable of a modest contribution to the discussion now going on. And while some of the factors are highly complex and belong to the province of the experts in international finance, others, including the most important, are relatively simple. It is mainly on these latter that it is proposed to concentrate to-day.

The raising of the bank rate to 7 per cent. startled everyone. The weakness for which it is intended to be one of the remedies is, however, one of long standing. If the man in the street has not recognised it, realisation of its nature was not confined to bankers, to Throgmorton Street, or to dealers in foreign exchange. Our position as an international clearing house, in some ways attractive, has its embarrassments. The slender bulk of our gold reserve, recently diminished by the effort to support sterling, was an obvious handicap. The serious financial and economic crisis in France focused foreign eyes upon us, and they did not like what they saw. Heavy speculation against the pound, in the expectation of its devaluation, was the result.

Modern closed financial systems, the father of which was perhaps the German wizard Dr. Schacht, are subject to such weakness. The economists of my youth, used to convertibility of currencies and the steadiness of exchange between the solvent trading nations, would point out that the system of their time acted automatically. We hear now of the disadvantages of a gold standard, but it had the advantage that it cushioned shocks and remedied extravagances and failure to maintain the balance of trade. And no wizardry can in the long run compete with overspending, with doing oneself too well, coupled with inadequate production. Still less can it compete with lack of confidence in the outer world, which may be exaggerated but is seldom unjustified.

This country is subjected more than most to the effects of foreign opinion. In many others large funds are held in sterling, but can be quickly converted into United States dollars or German D-marks. This is not speculation in the gambling sense; it is a measure of prudence, based on belief that any need for sterling can be satisfied later on more cheap. But there has been, of course, a great deal of gambling speculation, forward selling of pounds which the speculators do not possess, in the hope that when the time for settlement comes round they can be bought at a lower rate. At the time of writing, these speculators profess not to be deeply impressed by our 7 per cent. bank rate, and it remains to be seen whether they are going to be stung. We must hope they will.

All this is happening at a time when British trade is good and exports are pretty high. Yet here again foreign views are often critical. It is believed that our shipyards have been lucky in booking so many orders and that a large proportion of them would have gone to Swedish, Japanese, and other foreign yards but for the demand for shipping, and in particular the economic advantages of bigger tankers. This situation may be nearing its end, at all events for the time being. And shipbuilding is not the only

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE 7% BANK RATE—AND AFTER.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

industry in which, according to the opinion of observers abroad, we risk pricing ourselves out of our markets. Modernisation and the reorganisation of methods have hitherto stopped this tendency from becoming serious, but we are not doing as well as many others.

The two drains responsible for the greater part of our inflation and for the other ills mentioned above are public expenditure and the unceasing

which should be met by refusal? It would clearly be better for the country's economy that the most worthy cases should be satisfied, rather than that there should be an indiscriminating level cut for all.

The second measure is the direction to Government Departments, nationalised industries, and local authorities that their capital expenditure must not, for the period of two years, exceed the level of this year. Here again, though when these lines appear we may be in possession of more detail, we are not, as I write. The same thing may be said of this measure as of the last discussed: that, as it stands, it does not differentiate between expenditure—fashionably but unaccountably described as "investment" nowadays—bringing a certain and urgently needed economic return and other sorts. As a principle, the Government should be sterner and less open to cozening or political pressure than has been the usual practice.

Finally, we come to the inescapable fact that our worst ills have been due to continuous and unchecked wage inflation with a very small rise in production—and this mainly the effect of modernised equipment. It is regular, and even now a series of fresh claims has only just been lodged. It has met with so little resistance that some people profess to see in it a tacit understanding between the Government, employers, and unions. It is hard to believe in this theory, but the factor of timidity is obvious. It may be that the measures taken will result in the impossibility for employers of finding the money to meet further claims. We cannot be certain of this. We can be certain that if this inflation goes on, the effects will be disastrous.



INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR DURING HIS VISIT TO THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, SANDHURST, ON SEPTEMBER 24: GENERAL HANS SPEIDEL, WHO IS ACCOMPANIED BY THE COMMANDANT, MAJOR-GENERAL R. URQUHART (RIGHT).

On September 23 General Hans Speidel, Commander-in-Chief, Allied Land Forces, Central Europe, arrived in London for a four-day visit. General Speidel, whose visit was described as "purely military," would not speak to reporters. The German General's programme included visits to the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, and to the Houses of Parliament. He had talks with Mr. Sandys, Minister of Defence; Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and the Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff Committee, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir William Dickson.

rise in wages. Though most people, whatever their party or theories, believe that public spending should be reduced, few prove themselves helpful to efforts to stem it. "This is surely a case for generosity"; "this niggling economy will damage our name"; "the indifference of the Government to the claims of — is callous in the extreme." How used we have become to such expressions in the Press, especially in its correspondence columns! Are these drains going to be stopped this time—both of them? It must be acknowledged that the Government has been bolder than either it or any of its predecessors have shown themselves in the past. It has faced unpopularity.

The raising of the bank rate could clearly not stand alone. It was not in itself sufficient to mend the damage. Two other measures have accompanied it. The first is the request to the banks to set a limit on their advances. The first thing that strikes us about this request is that it seems to presuppose that, even with a 7 per cent. bank rate, industrial and business borrowing will still be profitable, though in many cases unwelcome to the Government. Is there, then, any standard by which the banks can judge which are the cases where advances are justifiable and which are those



SHORTLY AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN LONDON ON SEPTEMBER 23: GENERAL SPEIDEL, THE GERMAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, ALLIED LAND FORCES, CENTRAL EUROPE (LEFT), TAKING TEA WITH LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR CHARLES COLEMAN, G.O.C.-IN-C., EASTERN COMMAND.

The question remains to be answered whether the country as a whole understands the gravity of its plight. Government after Government has had to meet crises and has had to take measures to deal with them. Yet actions have been merely stopgaps, and words have appeared to be words only. The sufferers have been those, a relatively small body, who cannot obtain larger incomes to offset the depreciation of our money, and they are thus the only ones to whom the truth has been brought home, because they feel it in their daily lives. They are the toads beneath the harrow. Whatever the measures taken by the Government, they need the support of the nation. National common sense and a national effort are called for. This has been said before. Will it be believed this time?

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



**EIRE.** JUST BEFORE IT CRASHED INTO THE HEAVY SEAS ON SEPTEMBER 25: THE TOPPLING LIGHT TOWER AT THE ENTRANCE TO BRAY HARBOUR, COUNTY WICKLOW. Winds of 50 m.p.h. and exceptionally high tides—the aftermath of Hurricane "Carrie"—caused flooding and damage on the south and east coasts of Ireland. Among the victims was the light tower at Bray Harbour, which was unoccupied when it collapsed.



**ITALY.** WITH THE WATER A MASS OF FOAM TURNED RED WITH BLOOD: THE SCENE DURING THE ANNUAL TUNNY-FISH HARVEST ON THE ISLAND OF FAVIGNANA. Each year great masses of tunny fish are cunningly trapped as they swim along the coasts of Italy and Sicily. On the small island of Favignana, one of the Egadi group off the north-west tip of Sicily, every able-bodied man is called in when the tunny fish start to arrive. As the fish are harpooned, the foaming sea turns red with their blood.



**DENMARK.** NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION ON THE PENINSULA OF RISØ, ROSKILDE FJORD, NEAR COPENHAGEN: DENMARK'S FIRST ATOMIC ENERGY RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT. The first of the reactors planned for the Danish atomic energy research establishment at Risø was opened in August. This and another large reactor were bought in the United States, while the third will be British. Danish geologists have recently discovered uranium in Greenland.



**BELGIUM.** A VAST MODERN BUILDING FOR BRUSSELS: THE MODEL OF A BUILDING NOW BEING ERECTED ON THE SITE OF THE OLD GARE DU NORD, PLACE ROGIER. Shops, offices, flats, the new National Theatre, a cinema, a bus station and a car park for 1000 cars will all be incorporated in the huge modern building on the Place Rogier, in Brussels, of which the foundation-stone has recently been laid. The architect of this vast project is M. Jacques Cuisinier.



**THAILAND.** DURING THE BLOODLESS COUP D'ÉTAT IN THAILAND: NAVAL AND ARMY FORCES PATROLLING A STREET IN BANGKOK ON THE DAY AFTER THE GOVERNMENT'S OVERTHROW.



**THAILAND.** ALL SMILES AFTER HIS SUCCESSFUL COUP: MARSHAL SARIT THANARAT TALKING WITH REPORTERS IN BANGKOK.

On September 17 Marshal Sarit Thanarat, C.-in-C. of the Army, seized power in Thailand and overthrew the Government of Marshal Pibul Songgram. In keeping with this peaceful coup, Marshal Sarit apologised to Marshal Pibul for what he had done. King Phumipol dissolved the Assembly and Nai Pote Sarasin was appointed to act as Prime Minister until elections are held in December.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S.A. THE OPENING SESSION OF THE TWELFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WORLD BANK AND INTERNATIONAL MONETARY FUND ON SEPTEMBER 23. This session, which began with an exhortation to stability by President Eisenhower, was marked by the announcement that West Germany was lending the Fund 75,000,000 dollars; and Mr. Thorneycroft's statement that there was no intention to devalue the pound and his hints at further measures to strengthen it.



NEAR LISBON, PORTUGAL. PORTUGUESE SPECTATORS AT THE ATTEMPTS TO REFLOAT THE BRITISH LINER *HILDEBRAND*, AGROUND ON ROCKS AT CASCAIS. On September 25 the British liner *Hildebrand* (7735 tons), outward bound from Britain to South America, went aground in fog on rocks near Lisbon. The 230 passengers and crew were taken ashore safely; and attempts to refloat the vessel were begun but, at the time of writing, were not successful.



MUNICH, WEST GERMANY. "AROUND THE RING IN EIGHTY SECONDS"—OR LESS: A DEMONSTRATION OF A TRACTOR'S HILL-CLIMBING CAPABILITIES WHICH ATTRACTED MUCH ATTENTION AT THE RECENT BAVARIAN AGRICULTURAL FAIR IN MUNICH.



HOMS, SYRIA. THE RUSSIAN ADMIRAL KOTOV (RIGHT) WITH THE SYRIAN PREMIER, SABRI ASSALI, WATCHING A PASSING-OUT PARADE OF SYRIAN ARMY CADETS AT THE MILITARY ACADEMY.



HOMS, SYRIA THE GAILY-CAPARISONED CADETS AT THE HOMS MILITARY ACADEMY DURING THE PASSING-OUT PARADE, WHICH ADMIRAL KOTOV WITNESSED ON SEPTEMBER 23. On September 21 the first units of the Red Fleet to visit Syrian waters, the cruiser *Zhdanov* (flying the flag of Admiral Kotov) and the destroyer *Svobodny* dropped anchor at Latakia at the beginning of a courtesy visit to Syria, after visiting Yugoslavia.



MONACO. THE NOW-BEARDED PRINCE RAINIER AND PRINCESS GRACE VISITING NEW INSTALLATIONS OF THE MONTE CARLO RADIO STATION. IT WAS ANNOUNCED AT MONTE CARLO ON SEPTEMBER 20 THAT PRINCESS GRACE IS EXPECTING HER SECOND BABY IN MARCH.



NICOSIA, CYPRUS. OVERTURNED BY A TERRORIST BOMB, WITHOUT INJURY TO THE SENTRY: A WRECKED SENTRY-BOX AT THE POLICE H.Q. ARMOURY. On September 25 an explosion wrecked the armoury of the police headquarters at Nicosia. There were no casualties, except one case of shock, but huge pieces of rock were flung across the yard. The sentry on duty ten yards away was uninjured.



ATHENS, GREECE. PRINCESS FAZILET (CENTRE) THE FIANCÉE OF KING FAISAL OF IRAQ, WITH HER MOTHER AND BROTHER, SEEN IN ATHENS ON SEPT. 20, WHEN EN ROUTE FOR SWITZERLAND, HAVING TRAVELLED TO ATHENS FROM ISTANBUL.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



VENEZUELA. A SYMBOL OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF VENEZUELAN ECONOMY: A MODEL OF THE PROPOSED EIGHTY-STOREY CONCRETE AND ALUMINIUM BUILDING WHICH WILL DOMINATE THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION TO BE HELD IN CARACAS IN 1960.



MUNICH. DURING A DEMONSTRATION IN THE DEUTES MUSEUM: A U.S. SAILOR REMAINS UNHARMED IN A FARADAY CAGE AS 300,000 VOLTS IS SENT THROUGH ITS FRAME. Captain N. L. Barr, of the U.S. Navy's research department, gave this demonstration at Munich to show that there is no danger from lightning in the series of tests he will carry out at Minneapolis this month, in which human "guinea pigs" will be sent up to a height of 96,000 ft. in a specially constructed gondola.



NEW MEXICO. BACK TO EARTH NEAR ALAMOGORDO AFTER ITS TENTH TEST FLIGHT: THE U.S. MISSILE T.V. 20 WHICH IS LANDED BY PARACHUTE AND CAN THUS BE RE-USED AFTER EACH NEW TEST, AND SO SAVE THE VERY CONSIDERABLE EXPENSE OF NEW MISSILES.



NORTH CAPE, NORWAY. THE WORLD'S MOST NORTHERN RESTAURANT? AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A RESTAURANT UNDER CONSTRUCTION ON THE PLATEAU OF NORTH CAPE, REGARDED AS THE NORTHERNMOST POINT IN EUROPE, AND MUCH VISITED FOR A SIGHT OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.



PARIS. AT THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL SALON NAUTIQUE INTERNATIONAL ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER SEINE: A NOVEL "SAILING SAUCER" MADE OF PLASTIC MATERIAL ABOUT TO BE LAUNCHED. IT HAS A 3-H.P. MOTOR, WEIGHS 165 LB., AND CAN CARRY TWO PASSENGERS, AND, IT WOULD SEEM, COULD BE USED WITH ADVANTAGE BY ANGLERS.



GERMANY. WITH KRUPP MINERS AS BEARERS: THE BODY OF FRAU BERTHA KRUPP VON BOHLEN UND HALBACH BEING CARRIED TO THE MEISENBURG CEMETERY AT ESSEN. Frau Bertha Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, the eldest daughter of Friedrich Alfred Krupp, died at Essen on September 21. Since the death of her father in 1902 she had been the senior member of the Krupp family. The famous "Big Bertha" cannons were named after her.



UNITED STATES. DURING A SHORT TRIP OFF RHODE ISLAND ON SEPTEMBER 26: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER USING A PERISCOPE ABOARD THE U.S. NAVY'S ATOMIC-POWERED SUBMARINE SEAWOLF, WHICH WAS CRUISING AT A DEPTH OF 60 FT. PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S HOLIDAY HOME IS AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



CAEN, FRANCE. RECENTLY ERECTED AT CAEN: THE CHURCH OF ST. JULIEN—A ROUND BUILDING IN CONTEMPORARY STYLE. THE CURVED ROOF IS CONSTRUCTED OF THIN CONCRETE COVERED WITH ALUMINIUM.



NORWAY. AT THE LYING-IN-STATE OF KING HAAKON AT THE PALACE IN OSLO: THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, SIR PETER SCARLETT, PAYING HIS LAST RESPECTS. The British Ambassador was among the thousands who filed past the coffin of King Haakon VII in the Royal Chapel in Oslo. The funeral took place on October 1 in Oslo Cathedral, and the King was to be buried in the Royal Chapel in the Old Akershus Castle.



MOSCOW. AN UNEXPECTED WINDOW DISPLAY IN GORKY STREET, MOSCOW: CROWDS GATHER ROUND TO LOOK AT A PHOTOGRAPH OF H.M. THE QUEEN WITH PRESIDENT COTY OF FRANCE—PART OF A PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION OF LIFE IN ENGLAND.



ITALY. POSSIBLY THE ORIGINAL OF THE FAMOUS LAOCOON: SOME OF THE FRAGMENTS OF STATUARY RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN A CAVE AT SPERLONGA. Some two weeks ago, during road-making work, several hundred marble fragments of statuary were discovered in a cave at Sperlonga, on the coast between Terracina and Gaeta. The site corresponds to that of a villa believed to have belonged to Tiberius. Professor Giulio Iacopi, the Roman archæologist, has stated that in his opinion the fragments are the remains of the original of the famous Laocöon in the Vatican Museums.



TANGIER. ON WHAT WAS REPORTED TO BE HIS FIRST VISIT TO TANGIER FOR TEN YEARS: THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO, SIDI MOHAMMED BEN YOUSSEF, RIDING IN PROCESSION AFTER ATTENDING A PRAYER MEETING. HE OPENED A NEW SCHOOL DURING THE VISIT.



NORWAY. ATTENDING HIS FIRST MEETING OF THE NORWEGIAN CABINET: CROWN PRINCE HARALD SEATED NEXT TO HIS FATHER, KING OLAV V, AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE. Crown Prince Harald, heir apparent to the Norwegian throne, attended his first Cabinet meeting when he accompanied his father, King Olav V, to the first ordinary meeting since King Haakon's death. Prince Harald, who is twenty, is now attending the Military Academy.

## RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA: SOME CURRENT EVENTS IN THE NEWS.



TESTED BY 22 TONS OF MARCHING GUARDSMEN: THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE LAKE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK, LONDON, DURING THE "LIVE LOAD TEST."

The new bridge of pre-stressed concrete which now spans St. James's Park Lake underwent a "live load test" on September 25, when 300 N.C.O.s and men of the 2nd Battalion, The Coldstream Guards, marched into the park from Wellington Barracks and thundered back and forth across the bridge for the best part of an hour. Three men in a boat took up their position beneath the bridge with charts and instruments.



AN UNUSUAL ROAD BLOCK: A TRIO OF GIANT TORTOISES WHICH RECENTLY ESCAPED FROM WHIPSNADE ZOO AND HELD UP TRAFFIC ON A NEARBY ROAD. THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS KEEPERS CARRYING ONE OF THEM BACK TO CAPTIVITY.



AFTER HER LAUNCH FROM HARLAND AND WOLFF'S BELFAST SHIPYARD: THE B.P. 32,000-TON OIL TANKER *BRITISH HONOUR* BEING TAKEN IN TOW.

On September 25, Mrs. Watkinson, wife of the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, named the 32,000-ton deadweight oil tanker *British Honour*, which was launched from Harland and Wolff's Belfast Shipyard. *British Honour*, which is one of a number of oil tankers being built by Harland and Wolff for the B.P. Tanker Co., Ltd., is a single screw steam turbine oil-tanker with an overall length of about 665 ft.



AFTER OPENING THE INSTITUTE OF MARINE ENGINEERS' MEMORIAL BUILDING: EARL MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA (RIGHT).

In our issue of September 21 we stated that the Institute of Marine Engineers' Memorial Building in the City of London was to be opened by H.M. the Queen in October. We have since learnt that this was incorrect and the Memorial Building was, in fact, opened by Admiral of the Fleet the Earl Mountbatten of Burma, the First Sea Lord, on September 25. Our photograph shows Lord Mountbatten holding the certificate of honorary membership of the Institute of Marine Engineers, which was presented to him by Rear Admiral F. E. Clementson, the Chairman of the Council, at the conclusion of the ceremony.



AT THE HERTFORDSHIRE GOLF CLUB, TOTTERIDGE: A BRONZE CAST OF THE LATE HARRY VARDON'S HANDS BEING PRESENTED BY MR. RONALD BAIRD TO MR. HARRY MOFFITT (RIGHT.)

A bronze cast of the late Harry Vardon's hands gripping a golf club was presented to the President of the U.S. Professional Golfers' Association in a ceremony at the Hertfordshire Golf Club, Totteridge, on September 27. Our photograph of the presentation shows: (L. to r.) Mr. Ronald Baird, captain of the South Herts Club; Dai Rees, the British Ryder Cup team captain; Jack Burke, captain of the American team, and Mr. Harry Moffitt, President of the American P.G.A.



Governor ORVAL E. FAUBUS, DURING THE RADIO ATTACK HE MADE ON PRESIDENT EISENHOWER ON SEPT. 26.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, DURING HIS BROADCAST ON SEPTEMBER 24, WHEN HE SPOKE ON THE CRISIS.

MAJOR-GENERAL E. A. WALKER, THE OFFICER DESIGNATED TO COMMAND ALL TROOPS AT LITTLE ROCK.



ON SEPTEMBER 23, AFTER THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE NATIONAL GUARD, THERE WAS CONSIDERABLE VIOLENCE LIKE THIS, IN WHICH A NEGRO REPORTER IS BEING KICKED.

## VIOLENCE—AND ORDER AT LITTLE IN THE ARKANSAS RACIAL



WHILE FEDERAL PARACHUTE TROOPS WERE GUARDING THE ENTRY OF NEGRO CHILDREN INTO THE LITTLE ROCK HIGH SCHOOL, A SPECTATOR TRIED TO SEIZE A GUARD'S RIFLE.



## LITTLE ROCK CENTRAL HI

WITH FEDERAL TROOPS ENTERING THE PREMISES: NINE NEGRO CHILDREN MAKING THEIR WAY INTO THE HIGH SCHOOL ON SEPTEMBER 25. (Magnum Photos.)

Brief references to the racial integration crisis at the High School at Little Rock, Arkansas, have been made in previous issues. The sequence of events in this grave situation is as follows. On September 2 the Governor of Arkansas, Mr. Faubus, used the National Guard ostensibly "to help maintain peace and order," but in effect to prevent Negro children enrolling in the Central High School, Little Rock, despite judicial rulings that he was acting illegally in doing so. On September 14 an interview took place between President Eisenhower and Governor Faubus, at which it appeared that the Governor had promised

to obey the Federal law on integration, but, in fact, the National Guard still remained at their posts. On September 20, however, the National Guard were withdrawn and Governor Faubus accused the judge, who had ordered him to obey the law, of prejudice and demanded his disqualification. On September 23 eight Negro children were admitted to the school, but withdrawn after scenes of violence and riot. On September 24 the Arkansas National Guard were taken under Federal control and 500 troops of the 101st Airborne Division were flown to Little Rock. Major-General E. A. Walker, a Regular officer,

## ROCK: SCENES AND PERSONALITIES INTEGRATION CRISIS.



AT THE END OF THEIR FIRST DAY AT THE HIGH SCHOOL UNDER FEDERAL GUARD: THE NEGRO STUDENTS LEAVE, ESCORTED BY AN OFFICER.



ORDER AT LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS: A LONG CORDON OF FEDERAL TROOPS LINING THE STREET OUTSIDE THE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL ON SEPTEMBER 25.



OUTSIDE THE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL: TROOPS OF THE AIRBORNE DIVISION CHASING AWAY STONE-THROWING YOUTHS. (Magnum Photos.)



A CHECK-POINT AT THE HIGH SCHOOL: A PUPIL PRODUCES HER LIBRARY TICKET TO THE GUARD, BEFORE BEING ALLOWED TO ENTER THE SCHOOL ZONE.

was designated to command all Federal and National Guard troops in the Little Rock area for the duration of the integration crisis. On September 25 the Negro children entered the school with a full Army guard; and within the school, at all events, all was quiet. By September 27 the Negro children were entering without a guard; and the same day Governor Faubus broadcast a violent attack, describing Little Rock as "occupied territory," and speaking of the Federal troops "as threatening innocent bystanders, with bayonets in the backs of schoolgirls, and the warm, red blood of patriotic American citizens staining the cold, naked, unsheathed knives." The majority of Arkansas, however, remained calm.



INSIDE THE SCHOOL ITSELF, WHERE THIS SCENE SUPPORTS THE BELIEF THAT INTEGRATION IS BEING ACCEPTED WITHOUT MUCH TROUBLE. (Magnum Photos.)

## THE STORY OF A GREAT OIL MAN.

"MR. FIVE PER CENT: THE BIOGRAPHY OF CALOUSTE GULBENKIAN." By RALPH HEWINS.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

IN the world of cosmopolitan finance there has been (for Ivar Kruger turned out to be no more than a great company-promoting crook of the Bottomley breed) no such odd Croesus as Calouste Gulbenkian since Basil Zaharoff died. They both started in Constantinople, each was a Europe-trotter, if not a globe-trotter, each preferred France as a place of residence, and each made millions from small beginnings. But they seem to have had little else in common, except the ability to handle money and men. Their mere nicknames indicate a difference. Gulbenkian was known as "Mr. Five Per Cent" because of the size of the "cut" he arranged, drew, and preserved from the profits of the Iraq Petroleum Company—all open and above board, and made by a trained engineer whom an early visit to the oilfields of Baku had turned into one of the prophets of the Oil Age (in which we are now living, pending the arrival of another Age) and one of the shrewdest guessers as to likely places where oil, untouched for millions of years, might be found. But Zaharoff, in the popular Press, was always "The Mystery Man of Europe."

Of Zaharoff's descent nobody seems certain: whereas Gulbenkian's respectable Armenian pedigree is displayed in this book, revealing a cousinship by marriage with the novelist "Michael Arlen," whose real name was Dickran Kouyoumdjian—which, I suppose, he thought wasn't an easy name to ask for in a bookshop. Zaharoff was reputed to be an agent for half the armament firms in Europe and, when a war broke out, to sell arms indifferently to both sides, his view being that if he didn't, somebody else would. We must take it that somebody in this country thought he did some service to this country, for he was given a British honour, and, in his last hours in France, he was comforted by Lady Zaharoff.

According to Mr. Hewins, Gulbenkian might have had a British honour, too, and in the strangest way. He says: "In the Parliament Act crisis in 1911, when the Prime Minister, Mr. Herbert Asquith, threatened to pack the House of Lords with 200 to 300 peers if the Lords threw out the Budget, Calouste Gulbenkian was offered a barony for £100,000." "Nubar" [Gulbenkian's son], says Mr. Hewins, "says: 'Father often recounted that he was offered the barony third-hand. The Government was touting people alleged to have money which they would

contribute to Liberal funds. You could still buy honours in those days.' But Gulbenkian refused the honour—he was to be Mr., not Lord, Five Per Cent. 'I'd rather have the cash,' he said."

Here I should like to have proof, and admit that I would rather it was not forthcoming. The Asquith Government (without that old honourable Johnsonian figure's knowledge) sold honours; the succeeding Lloyd-George Government sold more. But during the Constitutional Crisis of 1911 (a watershed in our history, for the Peers were maintaining that taxation should be for revenue only) Asquith, a firm Constitutionalist with precedent behind him, wanted new peers merely to carry a Bill through, and not to raise Party Funds. I once saw, I know not where, a list of the New Peers whom he proposed to create. They had been chosen so as to cause as little ultimate disturbance as possible,

(Left.) BORN AT SCUTARI, NEAR CONSTANTINOPLE, OF ARMENIAN PARENTAGE, BUT OTTOMAN TURKISH NATIONALITY: CALOUSTE GULBENKIAN AS A CHILD, WITH HIS MOTHER, DIROUHI.



"THE GREATEST OIL MAN EUROPE HAS YET PRODUCED": "MR. FIVE PER CENT" IN HIS PRIME.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Mr. Five Per Cent"; by courtesy of the publisher, Hutchinson.



TAKEN IN 1953: THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF CALOUSTE GULBENKIAN, WHO DIED ON JULY 20, 1955.

once the immediate shock was over. All the heirs of Liberal Peers (of which there were at that time quite a number) were on the List—after all, they could sit in the House with their fathers, and then quietly succeed them and merge the Peerages. And then there was an unexceptionable array of Liberal literary men and publicists, mostly chosen because they were childless. I don't remember that Gulbenkian was among them: but, after all, his son says the offer was only at "third-hand." I can't think of any living man who could possibly throw light on this accusation, except possibly Lord Samuel, an utterly honourable man who would probably have been unaware of this sort of corruption even had it been going on.

As soon as this great pioneer of Oil (oddly enough he never saw Mesopotamia, whence his millions a year came) had money, he began to collect pictures. "He made his first major art purchase in 1907—'View of Mira on the Brenta,' by Francesco Guardi (1712-93); a 'superlative work,' as the National Gallery catalogue said in 1937. Guardi was to remain one of Gulbenkian's favourite artists, for whose works he watched the market like a cat." Then he accumulated a superlative collection.

There was, for some years, a Gulbenkian Room in the National Gallery. There did I go, year after year, to see, not so much his other superlative pictures, but a Fragonard, which had the loveliest blues and greens on which I have ever set eyes in my life. All those pictures seem to have gone to Washington, *pro tem*.

This strange man, devoted to his family in a way (his son has affectionately collaborated in this book, which is also fortified by his own Memoirs) and devoted to his Church (he built the pretty Armenian Church in West London), had his strange quirks. In Paris he bought pretty girls, even of the humblest extraction, had them groomed by an elderly woman, set them up in flats, jewels and minks, and then discarded them with an adequate endowment, for all the world like Louis XV in his Deer-Park. He was fond of his wife; he was fond of his daughter; he was fond of his son (still loyal to him) although he quarrelled with him. Fame after Death, apparently, was the one thing which he wanted.

He wanted to endow, on an unprecedentedly larger scale, something like the Carnegie Trust, the Nobel Trust, and the Pilgrim (Harkness) Trust. He finished up in Lisbon, and, inadvertently or not, put the whole administration of his millions a year into the hands of a Portuguese lawyer, and Lord Radcliffe, a British Law Lord. Had Lord Radcliffe advised him about his Will some sense might have been made out of it.

Nobody seems to know whether the prince of art-collectors who wanted to die a prince of endowments, died as a British subject, or a Portuguese subject, or some other kind of subject. "Mr. Five Per Cent," having arrived at an income of millions a year, died bewildered. How could he be sure that the money he accumulated would go to the causes he wished to promote, or his pictures to the galleries which he wished to embellish?

But, anybody who reads this book must get a notion about the fight for oil in what I still call the Near East, though others call it the Middle East. We have had recently a little conflict in Oman between the Coastal People and the People of the Hinterland. It is suggested in this book that the conflict is being waged between Saudi Arabia and the people to the East of that, with American money behind Saudi Arabia. Calouste Gulbenkian would have said "Oil! Oil! Oil." But I wish we could come to an agreement.

\* Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 566 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. RALPH HEWINS.

Mr. Ralph Hewins, who was born in 1909, was educated at Winchester and Christ Church, Oxford. In his various capacities as an athlete, journalist, diplomat and author, Mr. Hewins has visited, lived or worked in almost every country in Europe. In 1956 he went to all the British Caribbean territories, on which he is now preparing a book based on the leading personalities.

\* "Mr. Five Per Cent: The Biography of Calouste Gulbenkian." By Ralph Hewins. Illustrated. (Hutchinson; 21s.)

## HOME NEWS: FROM ROMAN REMAINS TO THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE.



BEFORE A VALIANT (LEFT) AND A VULCAN: THE U.S.A.F. MAJOR-GENERAL BLANCHARD ADDRESSING R.A.F. TEAMS, WHICH ARE TO COMPETE IN FLORIDA. As reported in our last issue, two Vulcans and two Valiants (with two of each in reserve) are to compete in Florida in the U.S.A.F. bombing, navigation and reconnaissance competition, Oct. 30-Nov. 5. Maj.-Gen. Blanchard recently visited the crews at Waddington, Lincs.



THE BRITISH LEGION AT SANDHURST: MEMBERS ON FOOT AND IN CARS FOR THE DISABLED TAKING PART IN THE ANNUAL MARCH-PAST AT THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY ON SEPTEMBER 29.



A ROMAN DISCOVERY IN THE CITY OF LONDON: LOOKING NORTH-WESTWARDS TOWARDS ST. ALPHEGE'S ALONG THE LINE OF THE ROMAN WALL. During development excavations near Moorgate a section of the city wall built by the Romans about A.D. 200 has been uncovered. It lies to the right of the culvert shown and the side here visible is marked by Cromwellian brickwork. On the other side Roman brick and stone can be seen.



DURING THE RECENT SEVERN FLOOD: A BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER AT MELVERLEY, TEN MILES FROM SHREWSBURY, WITH THE WATER NEARLY UP TO THE ARCHES. On February 27 the Severn was 17 ft. above normal level at Bridgnorth, in Shropshire, in what are believed to be the worst floods for ten years. The heavy rains are considered to be an aftermath of the hurricane "Carrie."



IN GOOD SPIRITS FOR THEIR FORTHCOMING TOUR OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND: MEMBERS OF THE ENGLAND WOMEN'S CRICKET TEAM AT ST. PANCAS. On September 17 the England women's cricket team left London for the first stage of their voyage to Australia and New Zealand, where they are beginning a seven months' tour. £3000 has been collected towards their expenses, by matches, bazaars and the like.



ON THE EVE OF THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE: (L. TO R.) MR. J. GRIFFITHS; MISS A. BACON; MR. GAITSKELL; DR. SUMMERSKILL; AND MR. M. PHILLIPS. The Labour Party Conference opened at Brighton on September 30; and the three chief issues seemed likely to be: the bank rate policy; a proposal to repeal the Rent Act; and "take-over" rather than nationalisation of industry. The Rent Act resolution was designed to commit the party to repeal if elected to power.

# UNCOVERING AND RESTORING THE SPLENDOURS OF HADRIAN'S IMPERIAL VILLA AT TIVOLI.



FIG. 1. THE IMPERIAL PALACE—THE CENTRAL GROUP OF BUILDINGS IN THE HUGE IMPERIAL VILLA WHICH THE EMPEROR HADRIAN BEGAN BUILDING IN A.D. 125 AND COMPLETED IN 135, BUT ONLY BRIEFLY INHABITED.



FIG. 4. THIS IS THE FEATURE OF HADRIAN'S VILLA USUALLY CALLED THE NAVAL THEATRE. IT IS, HOWEVER, A CIRCULAR POOL WITH A BUILDING IN THE CENTRE, TO WHICH POSSIBLY THE EMPEROR WITHDREW WHEN HE DESIRED PEACE AND PRIVACY.



FIG. 7. THE SMALL BATHS OF THE VILLA. THE INTERIOR OF THIS BUILDING, IN A BETTER STATE OF PRESERVATION, WAS DRAWN BY PIRANESI FOR HIS VIEWS OF ROME IN 1777.

In our issue of February 5, 1955, we published a number of photographs of statuary discovered in the course of the excavations at Hadrian's Villa, Tivoli, under the auspices of the Italian Government which have been going on since 1950. The chief part of these excavations and subsequent restoration work has been in and around the Canopus, a large-scale feature of the Villa which Hadrian had constructed to commemorate, as it were, his

fondness for the Egyptian town of the same name. Notable among the statues discovered were a fine Mars, some river gods, four caryatids which, it would seem, were copies or adaptations of the famous caryatids of the Erechtheum on the Acropolis at Athens; and two statues of Silenus in, as it were, caryatid-form—that is, designed as pillars. These statues and others which have been found are being preserved in the museum; but casts (or copies)

of them have been made, and these are being erected beside the reconstructed pool or canal which was an original feature of Hadrian's Canopus, together with parts of the original colonnade beside the water. As our photographs show, this has a most delightful effect and gives some idea of this greatest of Imperial villas in its original glory. Hadrian was, as well as a great Emperor, a poet, philosopher, traveller and collector; and it is



FIG. 2. THE NEWLY-RESTORED CANOPUS AT HADRIAN'S VILLA, TIVOLI, LOOKING DOWNWARDS FROM THE SERAPEUM. AS WELL AS RESTORATION, THIS HAS BEEN THE SCENE OF MUCH EXCAVATION WITH RICH DISCOVERIES OF STATUARY.



FIG. 5. THIS IS A CLOSE-UP OF THE SCENE SHOWN ABOVE AND SHOWS THE RESTORED COLONNADE BESIDE THE ORNAMENTAL WATER, WITH SOME OF THE REPRODUCTIONS OF THE RECENTLY-DISCOVERED STATUES, INCLUDING A MARS AND AN AMAZON.



FIG. 8. LOOKING ON THE WATERS OF CANOPUS: REPRODUCTIONS OF THE FOUR CARYATIDS AND THE TWO SILENI (IN THE FORM OF PILLARS), THE ORIGINALS OF WHICH WERE DISCOVERED ONLY DURING THE LAST FEW YEARS.

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WHERE REPLICAS OF RECENTLY DISCOVERED STATUES AND A FORMAL POOL RECREATE HADRIAN'S CANOPUS.



FIG. 3. THE APSE OF THE SERAPEUM, WHICH IS THE PRINCIPAL BUILDING OF THE CANOPUS. THE LATTER WAS A FEATURE DESIGNED TO RECORD AND EPITOMISE HADRIAN'S PLEASURE IN THE EGYPTIAN TOWN OF CANOPUS.



FIG. 6. THE REVERSE VIEW OF THAT SHOWN IN FIG. 5, LOOKING TOWARDS THE APSE OF THE SERAPEUM (FIG. 3). IN THE FOREGROUND, A COPY OF THE RECENTLY-DISCOVERED FIGURE OF FATHER TIBER. RIGHT BACKGROUND, THE CARYATIDS.



FIG. 9. THE ENTRANCE TO A SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE, DISCOVERED EARLY IN THIS SPRING. IT IS THOUGHT TO BE AN ENTRANCE FOR SLAVES, SERVING THE IMPERIAL VILLA.

believed that this villa which he had built between A.D. 125 and 135 was designed to record and epitomise his interests and his travels. It was embellished by some of his successors but fell gradually into ruin about the time of Constantine, was sacked and plundered by the barbarians, was later used as a building quarry; and in the fifteenth century became a source for antiquities, many of which still adorn the great museums of the world.



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A DOZEN or more years ago a friend gave me a handful of peaches which had fallen from a standard specimen of the purple-leaved peach in his garden.

He gave them to me, not to eat, but to sow and grow.

I say "purple"-leaved because that is the accepted term in common use for this particular variety. But purple is hardly descriptive of the colour of the leaves. In fact, I would say it is as far from the mark as "copper" is in the case of the copper beech—or purple-leaved beech, as it is sometimes called. The colour in both trees is surely much nearer that of beetroot. Not that it greatly matters. Everyone knows what is meant by purple and copper in these cases.

I raised a number of seedlings from the peaches I had been given, all of which had the authentic beetroot-coloured leaves, and all of which, except one, I gave away to friends. The one which I kept I planted out, eight or nine years ago, in a mixed shrub-and-flower border in my present garden, and to-day it is a hearty, shapely bush, 6 ft. tall, and perhaps a trifle more than 6 ft. in diameter. But the odd thing is that in spite of its age, it has never produced a single peach, nor yet a solitary flower. Why it should be afflicted by this sterility I can not imagine, for other seedling peach trees which I have raised, both the double-flowered variety, "Clara Meyer," and single-flowered fruiting sorts, have blossomed profusely at a much earlier age than my purple-leaved specimen has reached.

Incidentally, the double-flowered peach, "Clara Meyer," has always bred perfectly true to type when I have raised it from seed—or perhaps I should say stones—and the flowers, being only semi-double, and provided with all the conventional arrangements for reproduction, set fruit quite freely, and the peaches which the trees produce, though not of absolutely first quality, are quite worth eating raw and ripe, and especially well worthy of cream when stewed.

But this non-flowering and non-fruiting of my seedling purple-leaved peach is puzzling. Not that I hanker for the fruit, which I seem to remember was of once-only quality, but I would like to sow more of the stones and raise a number of young trees, if only for the sake of their richly decorative foliage. My one and only specimen is not only a pleasant object in the garden. It provides most valuable material for cutting for the house. Yesterday, for instance, I gathered some nerines, both the lovely pink *N. bowdenii* Fenwick's variety, and the richly brilliant *bowdenii* hybrid, "Hera." These two can look well enough in a vase by themselves, without any addition of foliage. Their own leaves are, of course, hopelessly inadequate. But this time I decided for alien foliage of some sort, and tried the experiment of purple-leaved peach, and cut several of the slender, wiry, 2-3-ft. stems with their dark, glossy, willow-like leaves.

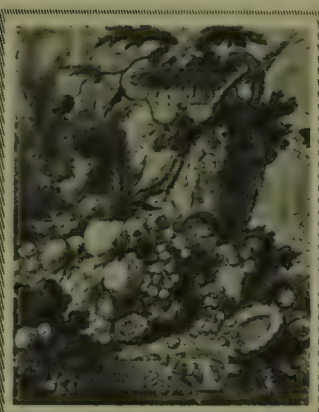
They have made a perfect background, in a tall vase, for the contrasting pink and cherry-red of the two nerines. But I made one thoughtless mistake in using the peach. I knew better from experience, but unwisely risked it. Within an

### PEACHES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

hour or two the peach sprays were wilting, especially the younger, softer tips of the branches. The remedy, however, was simple. I left them till bedtime, and then dismantled the whole arrangement, and floated the peach branches in a bath of tepid water. By morning they had all plumped up and were looking as fit and spruce as could be, and I have not the slightest doubt that, back in their vase, they will now outstay the nerines.

This technique of total immersion is often a most useful plan with flowers and foliage which, in the ordinary way, are apt to flag and swoon when their legs are severed and stuck straight into a vase of water. It might be worth trying—if it has not already been tried—with those sad-coloured flowers, the Lenten roses, *Helleborus orientalis*, and its relatives, whose knees are as water when gathered for the house.



A FAMOUS CRIMSON DOUBLE-FLOWERED PEACH: *PRUNUS PERSICA* *MAGNIFICA*.

Double-flowered peaches have been known in Europe for some 300 years; and during the last century were often known in France as *Pêchers d'Ispahan*. This illustration is from Vol. LVI of "The Garden" (1899), and the plate was specially drawn in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, by Mme. Lejeune.

I have been greatly puzzled by my purple peaches' behaviour in never reaching a greater height than about 6 ft., and never producing a single flower, and I mentioned it to my friend Roland Jackman, of the famous Woking Nurseries. He told me that he had found exactly the same thing with seedlings which he had raised. When he first raised a batch and found that every one of the seedlings had come true to type with fully purple leaves, he was delighted to think that here was a simple method for propagating the plant, and producing specimens on their own roots, instead of grafted plants with all the attendant nuisance of suckers from the stocks' roots. He soon found, however, that his seedling, purple-leaved peaches behaved exactly as mine have done. Not a flower, not a fruit. That, of course, would not do. A flowerless, fruitless peach tree—or bush—is a thing which no buyer wants. Nevertheless, a seedling, purple-leaved peach bush is well worth having for its handsome foliage alone, even if it never flowers. And what a splendid host for a large-flowered clematis to clamber over!

I wonder, by the by, whether there is any real technical drawback in having peach trees—the fruiting varieties—grafted on peach stocks instead of on the type of plum stock on which peaches seem to be normally grafted. I have a half-standard specimen of the peach, "Hale's Early," which I planted eight years ago in a circular 4-ft. bed in lawn. It has grown well and has borne fruit almost every summer, including several really abundant crops. But the tree is grafted on a plum stock, and every summer the roots throw up innumerable suckers which have to be dug out from the bed two or three times during each growing season. This is a great nuisance. But that is not all. Early this summer, during a long, dry spell, the lawn in which the tree stands in its 4-ft. bed was not mown for several weeks, and before rain came and mowing was resumed, a profuse rash of plum suckers broke out in the turf over a radius of 6 or 7 ft. from the trunk of the tree. Those infernal roots of the plum stock on which my peach was grafted had only been unable to send up suckers in the turf thanks to the weekly ministrations of the lawn mower.

Several different types of plum stock are used for grafting peaches, and some perhaps are better and some worse than others in this matter of suckering. Anyway, the type with which I find myself saddled is a brute and a disgrace to the nurseryman—whatever he was—from whom I bought it. I suspect that seedling peach stocks—which do not sucker—are slower to produce for grafting than plum stocks, but a peach tree with non-suckering roots would be a better buy at double the price than one like my "Hale's Early," whose ambition seems to be to grow in a jungle of worthless plum growths. Fortunately I know of at least one nurseryman who produces peach trees on peach roots.

### A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the personalities and events of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department.

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## A MISCELLANY OF HOME NEWS: DUTCH PILGRIMS IN LONDON; AND OTHER ITEMS.



ATTENDING A SERVICE FOR THEIR RELATIVES WHO DIED DURING WORLD WAR II IN THIS COUNTRY: PILGRIMS FROM HOLLAND AT PADDINGTON CEMETERY, MILL HILL. This photograph shows the scene at Paddington Cemetery, London, on Sept. 29, during a service held at the graves of Dutch people who were killed during the war while on active service here. Fifty-five relatives of the dead visited this country as guests of the British Legion.



JUST BEFORE TAKING-OFF FROM LONDON AIRPORT: A *BRITANNIA* 312, WHICH FLEW TO NEW YORK ON A PROVING FLIGHT IN 11 HRS. 40 MINS.

On September 28 B.O.A.C.'s first transatlantic proving flight with the *Britannia* 312 left London Airport at 12.25 a.m. for New York, which it reached in 11 hrs. 40 mins. B.O.A.C. are hoping to put the *Britannia* 312 into passenger service in the first three months of next year.



MAKING HER FIRST APPEARANCE AS HONORARY COLONEL: MISS ROSE HEILBRON, Q.C. (CENTRE), AT A PARADE OF THE 320 (EAST LANCASHIRE) BATTALION, W.R.A.C. Miss Rose Heilbron, Q.C., who made legal history when she became the first woman Recorder last year, has been appointed Honorary Colonel of the 320 (East Lancashire) Battalion, Women's Royal Army Corps. She made her first appearance as Honorary Colonel at Wellington Barracks, Bury, on Sept. 28.



A BOILER VERSUS A BRIDGE: THE SCENE AT HORRABRIDGE, DEVON, DURING THE TRANSPORTATION BY ROAD OF A 28-TON BOILER, 14 FT. WIDE, 18 FT. LONG AND 16 FT. HIGH, UNDER A BRIDGE ONLY 15 FT. 9 INS. HIGH.



A MAJOR OPERATION FOR THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS: REBUILDING IN PROGRESS AT THE PORTUGAL STREET FRONTAGE IN LONDON.

London's Royal College of Surgeons, badly damaged during World War II, is being rebuilt. The building, shown above, will house the pathological, anatomical and ophthalmological laboratories, the dental science department, lecture rooms, and part of the museum.



IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: JULIET BROOME, WATCHED BY GIRLS FROM GODOLPHIN SCHOOL, PLACING A WREATH ON THE GRAVE OF ELIZABETH GODOLPHIN, THE FOUNDER OF THE SCHOOL, WHICH IS AT SALISBURY.

## A SPECTACLE FAMOUS FOR MAGNIFICENT COLOUR AND PULSATING MOVEMENT: THE AURORA BOREALIS, NOW ENTERING A PERIOD OF MORE INTENSE ACTIVITY.



THE AURORA BOREALIS. THERE WAS A REMARKABLE DISPLAY OF THIS PHENOMENON ON THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 29-30 OVER GREAT BRITAIN.



THE CURTAIN: AN AURORAL FORM WITH UPRIGHT MARKINGS. THE STARS IN THIS PICTURE ARE THOSE OF THE PLOUGH.



A RARE PHENOMENON: NOCTILUCENT CLOUDS. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN IN PERTSHIRE AND THE CLOUD FILAMENT MARKED "AB" WAS FOUND BY CALCULATION TO BE AT A HEIGHT OF 77 KILOMETRES ABOVE THE SHETLAND ISLANDS. THESE CLOUDS APPEAR AT ALTITUDES FAR HIGHER THAN THOSE OF NORMAL CLOUDS.

The Aurora Borealis display of September 29-30 adds topical interest to these photographs, concerning which James Paton, Reader in Natural Philosophy, Edinburgh, writes: "During the next winter or two, the Aurora is certain to appear not infrequently in the skies over England in the spectacular forms that are seen almost nightly in Iceland and northern Norway. The reason for this is the occurrence at this time of the maximum in the eleven-year cycle of solar activity. The Aurora appears when a stream of charged particles issuing from the sun sweeps across the earth and causes the upper atmospheric gases, which it bombards, to emit visible light. The stream of solar particles is directed by the earth's magnetic field into two zones



A SECTION OF ONE OF THE SEVERAL DIFFERENT FORMS OF THE AURORA: THE EASTERN END OF A RAYED ARC.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CURTAIN FORM OF AURORA, IN WHICH THE UPWARD-SLANTING RAYS CAN BE CLEARLY SEEN.

girding the earth at about 23 degs. from the north and south magnetic poles. The Aurora Borealis and Aurora Australis (the northern and southern dawn) are, therefore, visible nightly in quite well-defined zones in the northern and southern hemispheres respectively. The upper part of the Aurora may be situated at such a great height that it is visible as a glow on the horizon many hundreds of miles from the place where it is overhead. It is not surprising that the name Aurora, or dawn, was bestowed (in 1621) on the phenomenon by a Frenchman, Gassendi, who would observe it usually as a dawn-like glow on the northern horizon. The people in the north of Scotland and Shetland, who see it more frequently overhead, call the



ANOTHER FORM OF THE AURORA: LONG RAYS. THIS RECENT DISPLAY WAS DEEP RED IN COLOUR.



A RARE COMBINATION: AN AURORAL ARC WITH NOCTILUCENT CLOUDS, WHICH ARE SEEN BELOW THE ARC NEAR THE HORIZON.

lights in their sky the 'Merry Dancers.' When a great solar eruption or flare occurs, as happens quite frequently around the time of sunspot maximum, the ejected stream of solar particles is so intense that it is able to penetrate quite low latitudes; the Aurora Borealis and Australis then move equator-wards towards each other to become almost global phenomena. It is then that Aurora becomes visible in more densely populated regions in all the magnificence of colour and pulsating movement that is usually only observed in the far north or south. There are accounts in old records of the apprehension, even panic, excited in observers in Mediterranean countries on witnessing a particularly active display of what in



THE CORONA OR CROWN. ITS RAYS LIE ALONG THE LINES OF FORCE OF THE EARTH'S MAGNETIC FIELD. THESE LINES ARE PARALLEL AND THE RAYS CONVERGE BY PERSPECTIVE. THE SOUTH POLE OF A FREELY-SUSPENDED MAGNETIC DIP NEEDLE WILL POINT TO THE CORONA'S CENTRE.



A DISTINCTIVE FORM OF AURORA: DETACHED RAYS. AT CERTAIN TIMES THE AURORA SPREADS FROM THE POLES TO LOWER LATITUDES. THE AURORA OF SEPTEMBER 29-30 WAS EXCEPTIONALLY BRILLIANT AND WIDESPREAD, AND WAS SEEN IN THE RIVIERA.

those parts is a rare phenomenon. During the International Geophysical Year, watch will be kept for appearances of Aurora and observations will be carefully recorded by thousands of observers all over the globe on land, in ships and in aeroplanes. European observations will be plotted and analysed in the Balfour Stewart Auroral Laboratory of Edinburgh University. These observers will also keep watch for the rare and lovely noctilucent clouds (or luminous night clouds), which occasionally appear in the summer months far above normal clouds at a height of fifty miles. They may be composed of the residue left by meteors or of minute particles projected upwards through the stratosphere at the time of a great volcanic eruption."



## THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



### FRIENDS OF THE FAMILY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

MY Hamlets march past me now, not single spies but in battalions. Reviewing the players I have seen in the part, I find astonishing variations in tone and temper; but all could have responded truthfully to the cry, "Lord Hamlet!" There is no part with so many faces, and that is why any new actor of quality (though I need hardly add the words, for few Wopsles tackle Hamlet in these days) has to beware of critics who tell him firmly that he is not the man. He may not be the man they know; but he will be somebody's Hamlet.

"The valued file," as Macbeth says of another matter, "distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle. . . ." For me the least plausible Hamlet is the actor who cannot persuade me of his grief, one forever externalising. John Neville, at the Old Vic now, impressed me with his sorrow from the moment he entered. Thenceforward I had no trouble in accepting him as the "sweet Prince" who is so dreadfully attended by the summons to revenge.

Mr. Neville is the most straightforward Hamlet I have known for years, and that is not a gibe, though the direct approach to anything is unfashionable. ("There has been much throwing about of Brains.") He interprets the lines lucidly; his voice is tuned to the verse and the prose; he refuses to fidget. And though I was quite aware, at heart, that A. did this scene differently, that B. made more of that phrase or the other, and that C. (at one point where Mr. Neville remained blessedly calm) did all but stand on his head, I did not find the stage overcrowded with shadow-Hamlets. I was ready, unquestioning, to be led by Mr. Neville through the greatest experience any actor or playgoer can have; and that speaks much for his sincerity, his sensibility, his charm.

There was one moment only when the past intruded. It is more than twenty years since I got into the habit of going to see the young Laurence Olivier as Hamlet at the Old Vic. My way home in those days seemed to lead me invariably into the Vic (and, later, I found myself watching Olivier as he appeared on the tiny cabaret-stage at Marienlyst on a night of sweeping rain, and on the next night in the great Kronborg courtyard at Elsinore). That intensely exciting performance—though it may not be the best Hamlet in my recollection—engraved itself on the mind; and I shall never hear the "Fortinbras" soliloquy, "How all occasions," without recalling the puzzled, despairing drive behind the lines:

I do not know  
Why yet I live to say "This  
thing's to do" . . .

Here, assuredly, was the voice of Hamlet as the Prince stood apart from himself, considered himself incredulously. James Agate, in a masterly phrase, said that the lines were "trumpet-moaned," and for a minute, while Mr. Neville was speaking at the Vic, his voice for me melted away with the scene, and I was back in the draughty and endeared theatre of 1937, listening to those compelling tones from the past.

But this is a personal memory. For the rest, I am not going to subject Mr. Neville to the grim, comparative analysis that any actor who plays Hamlet must await with philosophy. I remember, in another context, how Noël Coward regretted that a critic could not write a notice of one author "without mentioning at least sixty-five others in various stages of mental or physical decomposition." And he went on to a parody: "What matter that the self-same problem has been handled by Stephen Bloodworthy in 'Fate Enchained'—"

that memorable scene when Tessie, soaked in absinthe, rounds on her embittered Aunt Jessie, crying: "Don't touch me, don't touch me; it is your upbringing that has brought me down." That is some way from "Hamlet." Let me hasten back to say that, at the première, Mr. Neville's "sweet Prince" was responsive to every emotion, that we were spared any over-subtle reeling and writhing and fainting-in-coils, and that I am likely to think most often of the anguish after the Ghost's revelation—a scene in which many Hamlets merely rant—the tenderness of the homage to Horatio, the amused patience of



"I HAD NO TROUBLE IN ACCEPTING HIM AS THE 'SWEET PRINCE' WHO IS SO DREADFULLY ATTENDED BY THE SUMMONS TO REVENGE": JOHN NEVILLE AS "HAMLET," IN THE OPENING PRODUCTION OF THE OLD VIC SEASON.



"SHE CAN GET US TO LISTEN CLOSELY TO THE FAMILIAR SPEECHES": CORAL BROWNE AS GERTRUDE IN "HAMLET"; WITH HER IS JUDI DENCH, WHO PLAYS OPHELIA.

the colloquy with the Gravedigger, and the irony with Osrice. I shall permit myself a single comparison and say that it is a far truer Hamlet than the last we saw at the Vic, just as Michael Benthall's production is far better.

I had flickering doubts when I saw the Ruritanian court and its uniforms, but they

vanished in a moment. Mere matters of décor, unless the changes are outrageous, can no longer startle. In "Hamlet," more than anywhere, the play's the thing, and I am content to report that Denmark becomes a small-state Ruritania, its costumes pleasantly decorative but by no means distracting: costly its habit as its purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy, rich, not gaudy. The background is agreeably indeterminate—a flat-stage "Hamlet," by the way: no rostrums—and Mr. Benthall has done much with his lighting. (I have not seen a play better lighted at the Vic since Robert Helpmann produced "Murder in the Cathedral.") There is nothing whatever to distract us from the work in hand.

Among the performances of these people of Elsinore, who have long been friends of the family, I linger now with Coral Browne's conscience-weighted Gertrude—she can get us to listen closely to the familiar speeches—and with Derek Francis, who refuses to mock at Polonius, a garrulous, well-meaning old courtier able to win amused affection. The Vic season has begun happily with a production at once so imaginative, so direct, and so sensible.

The last word is one we must find it hard to use about "All Kinds of Men" at the Arts Theatre, a play in which the characters are not (I hope) family friends. I am puzzled to know why the Arts, with its reputation for experiment, should have staged this silly melodrama. We are alleged to be in a mid-Western town that seems to consist of a private house, a brothel, and a gaol: all the amenities. At this remove the piece has faded a little, but I can summon to incredulous memory a last act in which the stage is divided into barred cells (American fashion) and Wilfrid Lawson—a really fine actor in the toils—is preparing to sacrifice himself for the boy in the cell across the corridor. Let me murmur—with sad nods to Miriam Karlin and Meier Tzelniker—that this has the place among serious dramas that "Storks Don't Talk" has among farces. Still, what does Hamlet say:

I have heard  
That guilty creatures sitting  
at a play  
Have by the very cunning of  
the scene  
Been so struck to the soul,  
that presently  
They have proclaim'd their  
malefactions.

It may be that somebody will rise one night in the Arts Theatre and confess to a murder long ago in Kansas City (or any fancied town). If so, then the curious piece will have justified itself.

Finally, "Arlecchino." The plays of Carlo Goldoni march in battalions. There are about 250 of them, and whenever I meet one I feel that it must be the comedy that turned up last time. Goldoni's people are all intimately related, and our old friends. Usually, as the play proceeds, its craft and vivacity conquer. But a performance must have style, and it is style that the young actors of "Arlecchino" at the Lyric, Hammersmith, regrettably lack.

The evening becomes a skirmish. Gay enough in its *commedia dell'arte* manner, it is merely a quick sketch of Goldoni, though no one can resist that briskly foolish scene at the end of the first act. There Arlecchino, who is the servant of two masters—for this is really "Il Servatore di Due Padroni"—seeks to serve two meals simultaneously, and the business turns to a comic criss-cross of passing and reverse passing with plates and puddings and cutlery. Barry Letts can manage Arlecchino very well: his colleagues, brave ribands in the cap of youth, hope for the best.

#### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE CONSUL" (Sadler's Wells).—Menotti's opera. (September 28.)

"DINNER WITH THE FAMILY" (Playhouse, Oxford).—A version, by Edward O. Marsh, of Anouilh's "Le Rendez-Vous de Senlis." (October 1.)

# PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



**A NOTABLE R.A.F. CAREER: THE LATE AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR A. PAXTON.**  
Air Vice-Marshal Sir Anthony Paxton, who was Director-General of Personnel, Air Ministry, from 1947-49, died on September 25, aged sixty-one. Born in Australia and educated at Dulwich College, Sir Anthony joined the R.F.C. in 1916. He became an expert in the training of pilots, and held many varied appointments in this connection.



**APPOINTED G.B.E.: LORD HAILES.**  
The Queen has approved the appointment of Lord Hailes, Governor-General Designate of the West Indies, as a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire. Until elevated to the peerage in January, Lord Hailes was Mr. P. Buchan-Hepburn, Conservative Chief Whip for seven years, and Minister of Works from 1955-57.



**GHANA'S "POWER-LOVING" MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR: MR. EDUSEI.**  
Mr. Krobo Edusei, the Ghana Minister of the Interior, who forbade the re-entry into Ghana of Mr. Christopher Shawcross, Q.C., was reported to have said at a party rally at Cape Coast: "I love power and, as such, Premier Nkrumah has given me the most powerful of all Ministries." In his speech, Mr. Edusei, who has been active in politics since the early days of the Convention People's Party, outlined an extremist policy.



**GUILTY OF SPYING ATTEMPT: CAPTAIN G. H. FRENCH.**  
Captain George H. French, of the U.S. Air Force, was found guilty by a court-martial at Barksdale, Louisiana, on September 20, of trying to sell secrets about atomic weapons to the Soviet Union. A veteran of World War II and the Korean War, he was sentenced to dishonourable discharge and life imprisonment.

# PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



**INDUSTRIALIST AND FORMER M.P.: THE LATE LORD BENNETT OF EDGBASTON.**  
Lord Bennett of Edgbaston, who died on Sept. 27, aged seventy-seven, was joint managing director of Joseph Lucas Industries Ltd., the motor accessories concern. As Mr. Peter Bennett he succeeded Neville Chamberlain as Unionist M.P. for Edgbaston in 1940 and was Parliamentary Secretary, Labour and National Service, 1951-52.



**TO BE A JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT: MR. MELFORD STEVENSON.**  
Mr. Aubrey Melford Steed Stevenson, Q.C., has been appointed to be a Judge of the High Court of Justice. Mr. Melford Stevenson, who is fifty-five, has had a large and varied Common Law practice and has been Recorder of Cambridge since 1952. He was previously Recorder of Rye from 1944-51. He will be assigned to the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division.



**BEING CONGRATULATED BY SIR LESLIE MUNRO: MR. HAMMARSKJÖLD (CENTRE), WHO HAS BEEN RE-ELECTED SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED NATIONS.**  
Our photograph shows the new President of the General Assembly of the United Nations, Sir Leslie Munro, congratulating Mr. Hammarskjöld after the latter had been re-elected, on September 26, as Secretary-General of the United Nations for another period of five years. On the right is the Executive Assistant to the Secretary-General, Mr. Andrew Cordier.



**MANY YEARS AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE: THE LATE CANON J. D'E. E. FIRTH.**  
Canon John D'Ewes Evelyn Firth, who had been Master of the Temple since 1954, died at Winchester on September 28, aged fifty-seven. A scholar of Winchester and Christ Church, Oxford, he returned to Winchester as an assistant master in 1923. He was School Chaplain from 1931-54, and House Master of Trant's from 1939-46. He was appointed Master of the Temple in 1954.



**ELECTED AS THE NEXT LORD MAYOR OF LONDON: SIR DENIS HENRY TRUSCOTT, WHO WILL BE THE THIRD MEMBER OF HIS FAMILY TO HOLD THIS OFFICE.**  
On September 28 Sir Denis Truscott, Alderman of Dowgate, was elected Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing civic year, to take office on November 8. Sir Denis, who is forty-nine and a master-printer, is the third generation of his family to hold this office. The Ward of Dowgate has been represented by a Truscott for ninety-nine consecutive years.



**IN LONDON FOR A FOUR-DAY VISIT: MR. FUJIYAMA, THE JAPANESE FOREIGN MINISTER, SEEN WITH MR. SELWYN LLOYD AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.**  
Mr. Fujiyama, the Japanese Foreign Minister, arrived in London on September 27 for a four-day official visit. Mr. Fujiyama, who is a leading industrialist, has been Foreign Minister of Japan since Mr. Kishi, the Japanese Premier, formed his new Cabinet last July. Mr. Fujiyama is seen here with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Britain's Foreign Minister.



THE value of books on art is not to be judged by their size or their length, or the erudition displayed in a mass of scholarly notes. Two very small volumes on subjects normally regarded as exceptionally obscure seem to me models of imaginative common sense, nicely calculated to attract the eye and engage the interest of the layman without causing him undue alarm. Both are Orion books, and both contain a brief introduction, twenty colour plates and short informative notes about each. The first,\* on Persian Miniatures, by B. W. Robinson, of the Victoria and Albert Museum, compresses some uncommonly shrewd comments into a small-sized nutshell. Western critics have been known to tie themselves in complicated knots interpreting these jewel-like decorations in the light of academic theory. Here we are urged to keep our feet on the ground and not read into them more than their simple-minded authors intended. The Persian painter was a decidedly humble person in the court hierarchy and the last man to strike an attitude; he was neither a philosopher, like the Chinese, nor a poet, and his aim was merely to please his patron and to present, within the rather limited scope open to him, a clear notion of the story he was illustrating.

This is how Mr. Robinson puts it: "His happy unconsciousness of our classic rules of anatomy and perspective will scarcely antagonise a public which has accepted Picasso; his use of the 'high horizon,' whereby groups of figures may be seen clear and detached, and not obscuring one another in a confused mass, his habitual enlargement of plants and flowers in proportion to the human figure, and his crystallisation of such natural objects as rocks, trees and flowers into idealised formulae of great beauty and conscious unreality,



"FALCON PERCHED ON THE BRANCH OF A PLUM TREE": A STRIKING WOOD-CUT BY KITAGAWA UTAMARO (1753-1806), WHICH IS ILLUSTRATED IN "JAPANESE WOODCUTS," BY BASIL GRAY—THE SECOND ORION BOOK REVIEWED BY FRANK DAVIS. (Collection, F. Tikotin.)

are obvious examples of the many devices and conventions he used to make his works attractive and pleasing to the eye of the beholder." If I may add to this, I would say that the Persian miniaturist thinks on a small scale, just as the

\* "Persian Miniatures." By B. W. Robinson. With 20 Plates in Full Colour. (An Orion Book, published by Bruno Cassirer and distributed by Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.)

† "Japanese Woodcuts." By Basil Gray. With 20 Plates in Full Colour. (An Orion Book, published by Bruno Cassirer and distributed by Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.)

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

### PERSIAN MINIATURES AND JAPANESE PRINTS.

designers of a French fifteenth-century millefleurs tapestry thought on a large. We have not the least difficulty in enjoying the latter because we are more or less familiar with it; the former is no less simply conceived and need present no greater difficulty, provided we can submit ourselves to its childlike conventions, which are



"A YOUNG MAN EXAMINING AN ALBUM OF PICTURES": A CHARMING PERSIAN MINIATURE OF C. 1620, WHICH IS ILLUSTRATED IN "PERSIAN MINIATURES," BY B. W. ROBINSON, THE FIRST BOOK REVIEWED HERE BY FRANK DAVIS. (From the Clive Album in the possession of the Earl of Powis.)

those of an Arabian Nights fantasy, devoid of symbol or of religious or philosophic subtleties.

The miniatures reproduced date from about 1300 to c. 1620; that is, from about the time the Mogul conquerors had become sufficiently civilised to encourage the arts. The Muslim world suffered another disaster at the end of the fourteenth century at the hands of Tamerlane, and other, if less spectacular, barbarities came later; so that it becomes all the more remarkable that such exquisite paintings, though of so limited a range, were possible. Like other works on a small scale, these miniatures not only repay a close scrutiny but actually demand it, and their singular charm grows upon acquaintance, even though one may have no notion of the elaborately fantastic stories and legends they illustrate. Mr. Robinson gives a brief summary against each jewelled picture—and these tales are so engaging that I can well understand his readers deciding to delve further into this world of legend.

The other book,† in the same format, deals with Japanese Woodcuts, with introduction and notes by Basil Gray, of the British Museum. It is now just about a century since the West first saw these remarkable flowerings of Japanese art and promptly acclaimed them as a revelation. Everyone knows what they meant to the early Impressionists in France and to Whistler in England. Perhaps that early enthusiasm was excessive; if so, the unenthusiasm of the years between the wars was no less to be deprecated. I presume that to appreciate them fully one should have more than a nodding acquaintance with Japanese life and custom. Few of us can aspire to that, but even when the subjects have no obvious meaning for us, it is surely impossible not to admire their wonderful sureness of line and broad simplicity—and, if you are fortunate enough to come upon really fine impressions—the richness of the blacks. They have such distinction that one has continually to remind

oneself that they were, in their day, regarded by all the best people as rather low-down, vulgar productions. The upper classes despised them and they were produced for the man in the street, selling for next to nothing; never, surely, in the whole history of the human race was the common man provided with popular prints of such quality. The earliest date from about 1670 and the last great master of the craft, Hiroshige, died in 1858. To Western eyes the hundreds of prints of famous actors can, as Mr. Gray admits, become monotonous, mainly because both the men (all parts were taken by men) and the plots of the plays are unknown to us. Nor can the majority of us appreciate the facial beauty of famous courtesans—the pin-up girls of their generation; what we can admire is the austere skill of such a man as Utamaro (1753-1806) in his pyramidal composition of three of them (Plate 9), or of Kiyonaga (1752-1815) in his statuesque fashion-plate (Plate 7) from the famous series produced between 1783 and 1785, entitled "Brocade of the East in Fashion." Landscape, the special delight of the English, or so I think, came late to the Japanese printmakers, and Mr. Gray notes that the Japanese themselves have never given unqualified praise to the one man, Hokusai, who, to most of us here, is the greatest of all of them.

Hokusai did not develop his series of landscape prints—the best known are "The Thirty-Six Views of Fuji"—until he was sixty. And what a man! I remember very vividly an Arts Council exhibition of a Dutch collection of drawings by him three years ago; little nothings, wherein the merest flick of a brush produced marvels of delicate understatement. There I learnt something about his Bohemian existence, his devotion to art, his disregard of ordinary conventions, and read the superb extract from his preface to his edition of the other views of Fuji (the hundred) published in 1834-35. "I was not skilful at the age of sixty," he said. "It was only when I was sixty-three years old that I began to understand how one should draw animals, birds, insects, fishes and plants. At eighty I shall have considerable talent, at ninety I shall be better still,



"YOUNG LOVERS," BY SUZUKI HARUNOBU (D. 1770), A PUPIL OF SHIGENAGA, WHO CAME TO THE FORE WITH THE INVENTION OF THE FIVE-COLOUR PRINT IN 1764. (British Museum.)

These illustrations are reproduced by courtesy of the publisher, Bruno Cassirer.

at a hundred I shall be sublime, and when I am a hundred and ten, I shall give life to a single line, to a single point." The gods took him at eighty-nine, still working. None the less, for monumental simplicity and tender sentiment, my choice from this selection would be Plate 4, "Young Lovers," by Harunobu (d. 1770). The two walk together under an umbrella through the snow—the man in black, the girl in white. No wonder Camille Pissarro, confronted by such things as these, wrote that he felt discouraged, "because of the insensibility in which we modern artists exist."

# DEREK HILL, OROVIDA AND JOHN SKEAPING: WORKS FROM THREE LONDON EXHIBITIONS.



(Left.)  
"SNOW IN ROME, 1956"; IN THE EXHIBITION OF RECENT PAINTINGS BY DEREK HILL, WHICH IS AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES, LEICESTER SQUARE, UNTIL OCTOBER 23. IN THIS WORK DEREK HILL HAS MADE A STRIKING RECORD OF AN OCCURRENCE NOT OFTEN EXPERIENCED IN ROME. (Oil on canvas; 33 by 27 ins.)



(Right.)  
"OLIVE PRUNER—SETTIGNANO, 1957"; ONE OF THE MOST RECENT AND MOST IMPRESSIVE WORKS IN DEREK HILL'S EXHIBITION, WHICH IS HIS FIFTH ONE-MAN EXHIBITION. (Oil on canvas; 39 by 46½ ins.)



(Above.)  
"FOUR OUT": A VIVID STUDY BY JOHN SKEAPING, A.R.A., IN THE EXHIBITION OF HIS DRAWINGS AT ARTHUR ACKERMAN AND SON, LTD., 3, OLD BOND STREET. (Pastels; 13½ by 18½ ins.)



"TWO STRIDES FROM THE POST," BY JOHN SKEAPING, WHO HAS BEEN PROFESSOR OF SCULPTURE AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART SINCE 1953. (Pastels; 14½ by 23½ ins.)

DEREK HILL, a selection of whose recent paintings is to be seen at the Leicester Galleries, was born in Hampshire in 1916. On leaving Marlborough College he went abroad to study stage designing, but in 1938 he gave up his theatre work to paint. He now lives in County Donegal, Ireland, and he also spends long periods in Italy, where he is Art Adviser at the British School at Rome. A fresh sense of composition and a convincing rendering of colour and atmosphere combine to give Derek Hill's work a striking individual quality. The series of compositions of Italian peasants pruning olive trees—which are among Hill's latest paintings—are especially impressive. Most of the exhibition is devoted to landscapes painted in Ireland and Italy. Also at the Leicester Galleries

*[Continued opposite.]*

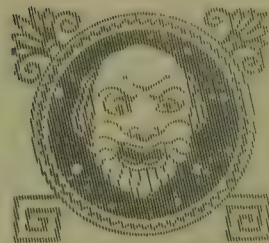


"FIGHTING STALLIONS": A LIVELY COMPOSITION BY OROVIDA IN THE EXHIBITION OF HER PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS AND ETCHINGS, WHICH CONTINUES AT THE O'HANA GALLERY, 13, CARLOS PLACE, UNTIL OCTOBER 18. (Oil on canvas; 40 by 50 ins.)

*[Continued.]*  
are recent paintings by Mary Potter—an artist whose delightfully delicate touch is often supported by superb light effects—and a series of colourful paintings by Hammond Steel. There are some sixty drawings of sporting and animal subjects by John Skeaping in the exhibition at Messrs. Ackerman's, which continues until October 16. This well-known sculptor draws with a wonderfully flowing and economic line. Horses are his favourite subject, but there are also a number of striking drawings of bull-fighting. Orovida is the daughter of Lucien, Camille Pissarro's eldest son. Despite the strong influences of her family tradition, Orovida has achieved a forceful individual style, which is well illustrated in the exhibition of her paintings, drawings and etchings at the O'Hana Gallery. "Fighting Stallions" is typical of her monumental and balanced compositions.



## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



### KING CHARLIE.

By ALAN DENT.

CHARLIE is still my darling, and always will be however serious he tries to be, and however far removed he thinks he is from the tramp with the baggy trousers, the bowler, the defiant cane, the jet-black little moustache, the sad eyes, and the sudden and dazzling smile. In "A King in New York"—as in the three or four films he has made since films began to talk—most of these attributes have vanished, excepting the eyes and the grin.

We must now accept him as a flawlessly dressed king arriving in New York crowned with a grey astrakhan hat, taking a suite in the most expensive hotel (though he is practically penniless), and on fire with a project to save the world from war. We hear rather too little of this, for the magnanimous aims of the dethroned King Shahdov of Estrovia are deflected almost from the start. He finds himself almost from the moment of his arrival a victim of televising advertisers. A personable young lady (Dawn Addams) screams for help from an adjoining bathroom. King Charles provides it, shooing his Ambassador out of the way, and in his gallantry we get some glimpses of the real old Charlie, the tramp who has the secret of making even a leer lyrical.

The half-drowned houri is very gradually revealed as an ingenious schemer who has thought up this method of introducing herself to the King. She tricks him into attending a dinner-party without telling him that the whole thing is really a part of a televised programme designed to tell the world all about the most reliable deodorants and the most effective tooth-pastes. It means more and more blessed glimpses of Charlie the innocent, Charlie the sham-genteel (note the pursing of the lips when he touches his mouth with his napkin!), Charlie the victim of commercial expediency, Charlie the outraged and indignant. When all is clear at the end of the party, he turns upon his beguiler with dignified rage and tells her he is finished with her—more

his weakening resistance and ultimate collapse bring about the funniest sequences in the film. These are again pure Charlie.

But grimness, as usual in the later articulate Chaplin films, is always in the offing. While visiting a Boys' Progressive School our King Shahdov finds himself preached at by a precocious

#### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



CHARLES CHAPLIN—SEEN AT THE LONDON PREMIERE OF HIS NEW FILM, "A KING IN NEW YORK."

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "Without a doubt it is Charles Chaplin as it must always be when this supreme film-artist gives us one of his new films. 'A King in New York,' made and written and directed and composed by Mr. Chaplin, will provoke great argument, and is unlikely to be greatly liked in America, at whose prejudices it unmercifully tilts. It was made in England and in record time (indeed, it shows a few signs of over-hasty production). But it has enough strokes of comic genius to outweigh its serious purpose and its tendentiousness. At the heart of it there is that laughter which should surely be the ultimate core of all our woes and worries."

Anyhow, the great little man does not come anywhere near to ruining his film with his angry purposes. It is here—as it was *not* in "The Dictator"—an anger which suddenly bubbles merrily when it has reached boiling-point. Laughter, however long delayed, saves the film in the end, just as it made it in the beginning. It is not to be missed.

Just after the first showing I overheard a cloakroom attendant at a smart restaurant asking a customer—an arch young fashionable—what he thought of the new Chaplin film. The customer said: "Oh, altogether too much propaganda for a comical flick—trying to improve the world and all that, you know!" I must say I was wholeheartedly in agreement with the attendant's mild but earnest expostulation, partly, maybe, because it was couched in honest Clydeside accents: "But if you, sir, had the finances and a little bit of genius, wouldn't you try to do the same?" After all, if the function of comedy is—as the very best authorities from Meredith downwards say it is—to provide "thoughtful laughter," Mr. Chaplin is fulfilling that function better than any other artist of our time.

Your critic went to "A King in New York" fully expecting to be asked to think as well as laugh. But he went to "Omar Khayyam" hoping to laugh against the film's spectacular intentions. He was disappointed. This one is downright dull and not nearly preposterous enough to be funny. Cornel Wilde, as the astronomer-poet, has nothing but a chubby smile to offer beside a habit of dropping into familiar FitzGerald quatrains. He is last seen sitting on clouds in a Persian heaven, reciting the one about turning down an empty glass.

To the Spanish film "Grand' Rue" I went—on the other hand—prepared to be deeply moved. But here again came disappointment, though not boredom. For the story had great



"THE STORY OF A CRUEL JOKE PLAYED ON AN UNATTACHED SPINSTER BY A GROUP OF YOUNG MEN IN A LITTLE SPANISH TOWN": A SCENE FROM THE SPANISH FILM "GRAND' RUE," WHICH IS DIRECTED BY J. A. BARDEN AND WAS AWARDED THE GRAND PRIX OF THE INTERNATIONAL CRITICS AT VENICE IN 1956. (LONDON PREMIERE: CURZON CINEMA, SEPTEMBER 20.)

or less—for good. I thought all this the purest Chaplin, and therefore pure heaven.

But the wolf now scrapes at the hotel-suite door, and bills are brought up on salvers without being called for, and service turns surly. A princely cheque from the television harpies is torn into small pieces with a kingly gesture. But no sooner has the cautious Ambassador (Oliver Johnston) drawn his little Majesty's attention to the dire state of his country's coffers, than King Charlie throws dignity to the winds in a mad rush to the waste-paper-basket to find the pieces of cheque and stick them together again. He must swallow such insults and even hope for more of the same sort. Will he say no more than "Yum, yum" to a nibble of cheese? Will he beam just once at the mellow flavour of an incomparable whisky? He cannot choose but nibble and beam, and

young firebrand (very well played by Master Michael Chaplin), who seems to have mastered modern political theory at an age when most boys are trying to master spelling. Later, the same boy turns up in the snow, shivering outside the King's hotel. The boy's parents are in serious trouble with the Un-American Activities Committee because they have refused to divulge the names of some friends of the same political colour. The King himself becomes involved

in this trouble and is hauled before the same committee, which he accidentally douses with cold water from a hose-pipe. Only the climax of this long and intricate episode is funny; and only the climax is meant to be. Here and there already—and probably in many other places by degrees—Chaplin has been reproved for "flogging the dead horse of McCarthyism." This implies that McCarthyism is now as dead as McCarthy. I hope those critics are right who say so.

#### OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"YANGTSE INCIDENT" (Generally Released; September 30).—The *Amethyst* story, with Richard Todd at his best as the commander who takes over. Valorous and moving and in all ways worth while.

"THE LONG HAUL" (Generally Released; September 30).—A drama strictly for those who consider Victor Mature a mature actor and that Diana Dors still shows promise.

"AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER" (Generally Released; September 23).—Two accepted ones, Deborah Kerr and Cary Grant, in a rewarding comedy.



A SPECTACULAR ADVENTURE STORY SET IN ELEVENTH-CENTURY PERSIA: "OMAR KHAYYAM"—A SCENE WITH THE HERO (CORNEL WILDE) SPEAKING WITH PRINCE MALIK (JOHN DEREK, CENTRE). THIS PARAMOUNT FILM IS DIRECTED BY WILLIAM DIETERLE. (LONDON PREMIERE: PLAZA, SEPTEMBER 19.)

interest and was directed with considerable cunning by J. A. Bardem. It is the story of a cruel joke played on an unattached spinster by a group of young men in a little Spanish town. The period is the present, and the practical joke consists in the wooing of the poor woman by a half-hearted young man who jilts her soon after the engagement is announced. The young man's mixture of callousness, sensibility, and loyalty to his gang is admirably conveyed by Jose Suarez.

But it seemed to me an almost fatal mistake to cast the American actress, Betsy Blair, for the unhappy Isabel. Miss Blair just gives us the devoted young wife in "Marty" all over again, frosty smile and all. The new rôle calls out for something with a subtle heart-aching difference and much more variety, and it should surely be an actress as Spanish as everybody else in the film (which, incidentally, is dubbed—but unobtrusively and most ingeniously dubbed—into French).

## URANIUM MINING AND PROCESSING: A NEW INDUSTRY IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.



BUILT TO HOUSE THE URANIUM MINERS AND THEIR FAMILIES: RADIUM HILL—A MODERN TOWN SURROUNDED BY THE ARID SALT-BUSH PLAINS.



SUCCESSFUL GARDENERS IN THE DESERT: MR. GILBERTHORPE, UNDERGROUND MANAGER OF THE RADIUM HILL MINE, AND HIS WIFE.



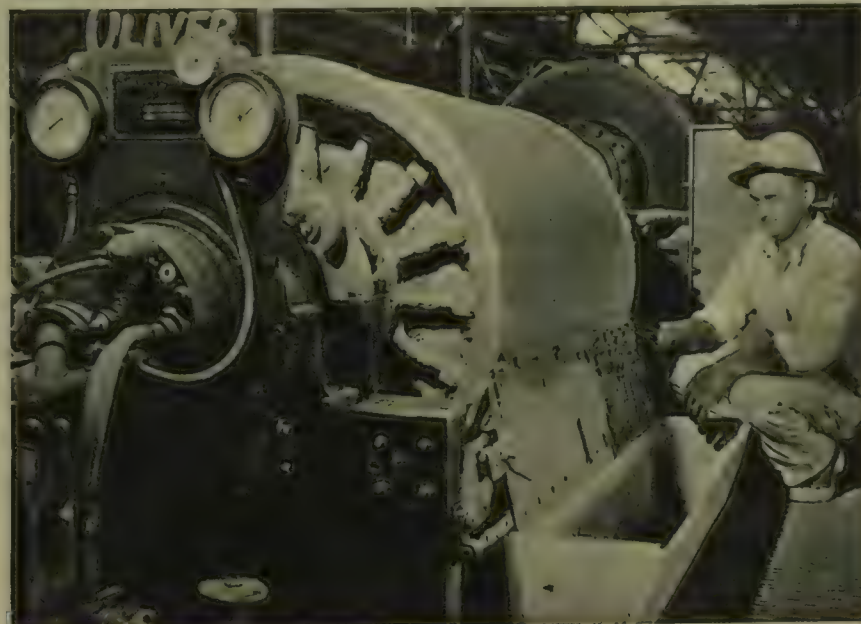
"CRIB-TIME" 400 FT. UNDERGROUND: A GROUP OF URANIUM MINERS HAVING THEIR LUNCH DURING A BREAK IN THE DAY'S WORK AT RADIUM HILL.



WHERE THE URANIUM ORE CONCENTRATE IS PRODUCED BEFORE BEING SENT BY RAIL TO PORT PIRIE: THE CRUSHING AND REFINING MILL.



WHERE THE URANIUM ORE CONCENTRATE FROM RADIUM HILL IS PROCESSED: THE URANIUM TREATMENT PLANT AT PORT PIRIE, ON SPENCER GULF.



Some four years ago work started on the mining of the promising uranium ore deposits at Radium Hill, 290 miles north-east of Adelaide, the capital of South Australia. Since then a flourishing town has grown up there to house the miners and their families. The community of nearly 900—many of them German and Italian migrants—live a full and comfortable life in the midst of the arid salt-bush plain which surrounds their town. The mine head buildings are about two miles from the town and the ore is mined by the conventional hard rock underground methods. The bulk of the ore is in three main veins dipping at angles of 30 to 70 degrees and averaging 4 ft.

in width. The ore goes through a concentrating process at Radium Hill before being sent by rail to Port Pirie, 202 miles away. Here a plant has been built on reclaimed tidal swampland on the shore of Spencer Gulf, through which the uranium ore concentrate passes to be separated and purified, leaving only the mustard-yellow uranium oxide. The whole output is exported, the purchaser being the Combined Development Agency of the United Kingdom and the United States, which advanced part of the capital for the development of the industry. In some years' time it is hoped to use this uranium in Australia's first thermal nuclear energy station.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SEVERAL years ago, when my three children were all of school age, I persuaded them to try an experiment. It was during the spring vacation and the nesting season for most of our birds had hardly begun. Since the experiment was to be related to the nesting habits of long-tailed tits, we chose a piece of country that could have served as a fairly typical habitat, but from which, so far as we could ascertain, these birds were absent. This was a fair guarantee that they would not have been there first. Our plan was to mark out an area of ground, divide it up into strips, then work over it, picking up every feather we could find, lying on the ground or caught in the bushes and shrubs.

The long-tailed tit, or bottle-tit, is a little over 5 ins. long, of which half is taken up by the tail, but although so small it is not difficult to see, especially outside the breeding season when it moves about in flocks. It is not in the least shy of human beings and seems to be mainly intent on minding its own business. Another small bird, the wren, has been called the little bird with a big voice; the long-tailed tit, which comes near it in size, if we ignore its unusually long tail, could well be called a little bird with big ideas. Its nest represents only one of its claims to this title. This is oval, 5 ins. in long diameter, with a small, rounded entrance high up on one side. Why the bird is called a bottle-tit is something I have yet to discover. It is always said to be from the shape of the nest, so presumably there were at some time bottles of this shape.

The nest is thick-walled, composed of moss, wool, hair, spiders' silk and such materials felted together in a most skilful manner. The outside is decorated with lichens, giving it a black-and-white appearance which has been said to afford concealment because it simulates the lights and shades in the dense foliage of hedge and bush. As often as not, however, this large nest quickly catches the eye. The thick, beautifully

### BOTTLE-TIT'S BIG IDEAS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

in bringing to one central point that number of feathers. If also we add to this the number of journeys needed to collect the moss, wool, silk and lichens, and include also the actual



THEIR PLUMAGE IS WHITE WITH BLACK MARKINGS AND THE UNDERPARTS ARE SUFFUSED WITH PINK: A PAIR OF LONG-TAILED TITS.

From a colour-plate in Lilford's "British Birds."

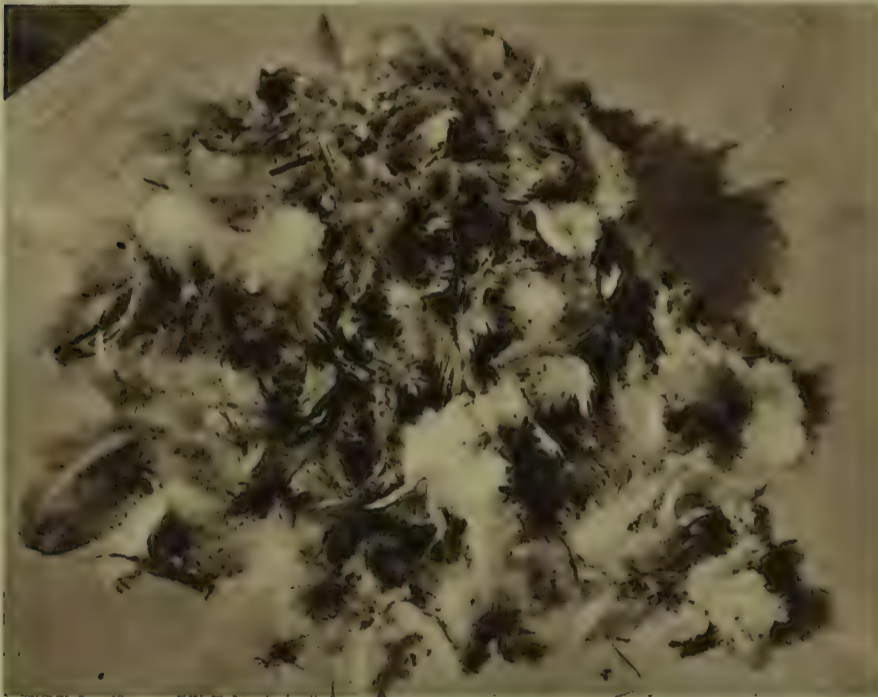
had despoiled it is of no consequence. The destruction was complete.

Another noticeable feature of the nest is that, in spite of its large size, the internal capacity is small, and the sitting hen is often compelled to incubate with head and the tip of the tail both protruding through the opening, and when she rises to adjust her position or turn the eggs, her tail is entirely protruded. This is partly due to the number of eggs laid. Each egg measures just over half an inch in long diameter, and their number ranges from eight to twelve. In some cases, twenty eggs have been found in one nest, and the possibility that such a number may have been laid by two hens only makes the overcrowding more remarkable.

Incubation is by the hen only, her mate sharing this but rarely. He will, however, often roost at night in the nest, when a dozen eggs, and worse still, a dozen nestlings, together with both parents, occupy the small cavity in a congestion that is rivalled only by the amount of nesting material packed into the 5 ins. of nest.

Perhaps, after all, this extraordinary extravagance in creative activity, as evidenced by the large clutches and the elaborate nest, is not without its survival value, for the long-tailed tits seem to be particularly vulnerable to low temperatures. In winter they huddle in a ball in their roosting-place, yet even so the numbers are often reduced during cold weather, and in the winter of 1916-17 they were almost exterminated in many localities.

Another marked feature of the long-tailed tit, or, at least, I would suppose it to be so, is the absence of fighting or any sign of aggressiveness. Certainly, I have never seen any sign of animosity between the members of their flocks outside



FOUND IN A WOOD: THE CONTENTS OF A LONG-TAILED TIT'S NEST PULLED TO PIECES BY SOME UNKNOWN AGENT, PROBABLY A RAT, SQUIRREL, MAGPIE OR JAY. THE FEATHERS IN THE NEST SOMETIMES NUMBER TWO THOUSAND OR MORE.

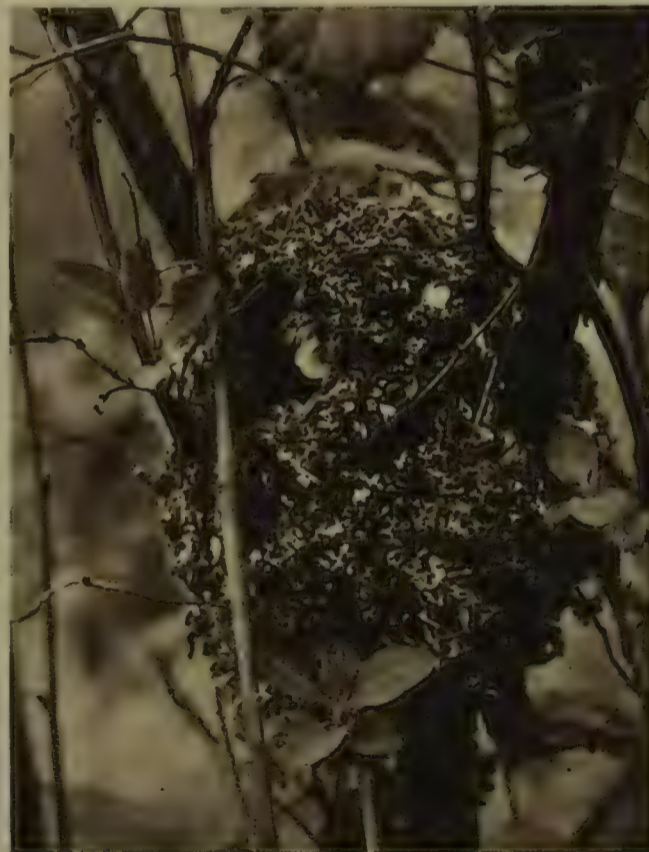
Photograph above and right by Jane Burton.

interwoven walls of the nest leave a fairly small cavity inside, and this is lined with feathers. These are not necessarily the smallest feathers to be found but include those from pheasant and pigeon, and may number 2000 or more. And here we come to the exercise with which I started. We were trying, by systematically searching the ground for feathers, to gain some idea of the labour involved when a pair of small birds set to work to collect 2000 feathers. The four of us soon grew tired of the task, when we had collected 400 or so between us, but it gave us a very good idea of the amount of ground a pair of long-tailed tits must cover, and of the number and length of the journeys to be made

purely functional, it is not easy to see why their numbers in any given area are usually restricted, and why these numbers remain so static. One reason is, perhaps, that the large nest is, in fact, highly vulnerable because it is so conspicuous. It may be camouflaged by lichens, yet the fact remains that it is apparent once the eye has lighted on it. We had an example this year of what can happen. We had been keeping one of these nests under observation. It was in a hazel bush, over the branches of which brambles had grown thickly. First the eggs were taken from it, then the nest itself was pulled to pieces and the feathers, shown here, scattered. Whether squirrel, rat, magpie or jay

physical labour needed to weave and felt them together, it becomes very evident that a pair of these tits can have little time to relax during the two weeks occupied in building the nest.

We tend to think of natural selection as a set of circumstances which, so to speak, knock the corners off the structure and behaviour of living organisms until all that is left is severely functional and has, as we call it, a survival value. If the ways of long-tailed tits have a survival value and are



"THE OUTSIDE IS DECORATED WITH LICHENS, GIVING IT A BLACK-AND-WHITE APPEARANCE": THE LARGE AND THICK-WALLED NEST OF THE LONG-TAILED TIT OR BOTTLE-TIT.

the breeding season. Moreover, I have found no account in any of the books consulted of an aggressive display or any record to show that anyone has observed it. It could be that this also is a consequence of the exaggerated nest-building activities. If our exercise in looking for feathers is any guide, a pair of bottle-tits need a fairly wide area to themselves if they are to obtain the large numbers of feathers needed to satisfy their craving for packing as much into a small space as possible. This alone would ensure that the nests need to be well spaced from each other, and it may be that it obviates the need for fighting over territorial boundaries.

## ROUNDING UP KOALAS: AUSTRALIAN TEDDY BEARS BEING MOVED FROM PHILLIP ISLAND.

**I**N a race against time, more than 200 koalas, or Australian Teddy Bears, were removed earlier this year from Phillip Island, off the southern coast of Australia, to areas where their food trees are abundant. Some of the koalas were taken over 200 miles before they were liberated, while others were released in the mountain ranges 80 or 90 miles from the island. The koalas had to be removed because bush fires had destroyed many trees on the island, and the round-up had to be completed before new shoots began appearing on the gum trees which had been burnt. The new shoots, unlike the normal foliage on which the koalas live, mean paralysis and slow death for the koalas because they contain cyanide.

[Continued below]



OPERATION "KOALA ROUND-UP": AN EXPERT FROM THE FISHERIES AND GAME DEPARTMENT OF THE VICTORIAN GOVERNMENT MANŒUVRING A NOOSE AROUND THE KOALA'S NECK.



AFTER THE ROPE NOOSE HAD BEEN GIVEN A GENTLE TUG: THE KOALA HURLING THROUGH THE AIR TO THE SAFETY SHEET HELD BELOW.



AFTER THE KOALA HAD BEEN BROUGHT TUMBLING DOWN FROM THE TREE: THE AUSTRALIAN TEDDY BEAR IS CAUGHT SAFELY IN A SHEET.



AFTER BEING LIBERATED IN AN AREA OF ABUNDANT FOOD TREES: A KOALA LEAVING ITS TRAVELLING CRATE AND LOOKING FOR A TREE TO CLIMB.



AFTER REACHING ITS NEW HOME: THE KOALA QUICKLY SETTLES DOWN. SOME OF THE KOALAS WERE TAKEN OVER 200 MILES.

[Continued.]

The removal was also part of a long-range plan to re-populate Victoria with the animals, which became rarer with the spread of settlement in S.-E. Australia. The operation, seen in the photographs on this page, was undertaken by a team of eight men from the Fisheries and Game Department of the Victorian Government. First the men placed a ladder against a tree and then one of them climbed as near to the koala as possible. Then he extended a long pole, with a running noose attached, and manœuvred it around the koala. This noose was tied in such a way that it could not tighten too much. The pole was then detached and the rope given a gentle tug which brought the koala tumbling down, to be caught in a safety sheet which was held, firemen fashion, below the tree. After the koala had been weighed and measured, it was put in a crate with a plentiful supply of gum leaves to eat during the journey to its new home.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE CHOICE OF THE WEEK.

IT seems that the writing—or rather, “collecting”—of short stories is a bad job; publishers despair of selling them, reviewers look on them as an imposition. So we are told in Mr. Norman Denny’s introduction to “Across Paris,” by Marcel Aymé (Bodley Head; 15s.): which, to be sure, is itself an anthology of short stories, and Mr. Denny had six volumes to choose from. Not, therefore, a hopeless job . . . Yet it is true that while Aymé’s novels have been making their way in England, the stories have not kept up: and also true that “collections” are the reviewer’s bane. M. Aymé says, because they don’t lend themselves to a blurb. “Each separate piece represents the idea and mood of a moment, and it is not possible to run up for the use of reviewers a very brief, very weighty summary which will save them the trouble of reading the book.”

This is a tendentious way of putting an insurmountable difficulty. For, in fact, what applies to the blurb applies equally to the reviewer; each piece being separate, he is required to handle perhaps a dozen works in the space of one. Plainly, it is no use even trying. All one can do for “Across Paris” is to beat a gong, and that can hardly be necessary. By now, either you delight in Marcel Aymé or not; either his airy, iridescent freakishness is your cup of tea, or it apparently sets your teeth on edge. Those in favour will read him whatever their view of the short story—and may then realise that they have been confusing the genre as such with short stories as they are written. Usually, I agree, they are a thin diet. Here, the parable of the outcast Abdel—“Rue de l’Evangile”—has a fullness beyond the novel’s reach; in its forlorn squalor and visionary bewilderment, it is an image of human destiny. And glitteringly funny as well. The translator owns an “especial liking” for it; he might have said that it is *hors concours*. The title-story, an odd yet “natural” Occupation-drama, seems by contrast a shade pedestrian—or as near as the author can get, which is not saying much. The rest come down on the side of whimsy or fairy-tale: though in all manner of different ways. One or two might attract anyone: for instance, “The Seven-League Boots,” a sentimental but charming story of a boys’ “gang,” in which the poor, slighted little boy wins the prize—or “The Walker-Through-Walls,” which is simply a miraculous joke. And some may be too whimsical even for the addict. He won’t mind; he will just move on.

OTHER FICTION.

“A Moment of Warmth,” by F. Irby Gwaltney (Secker and Warburg; 18s.), is a full-blooded regional novel, set in Arkansas, and once more presenting the tragic Southern aristocracy. But happily with variations. Uncle Robert Hunter is not decayed—not in wealth or power; he has retrieved everything, lives in a Hall fit for Brobdingnag, and rules over an estate like a feudal kingdom. Neither does he pride himself on his “gentry.” According to him, the blue-blooded are merely the greediest; and anyhow, his forbears were “scared out of Virginia by the hangman’s noose.” Still, they had the greed, and became as wretched as a First Family. They die by murder; Uncle Robert goes about with a sword-cane and leaded whip, but some day someone will get him. Meanwhile, his marriage is a disease, his son Bobby a tender little misfit, his petted love-child heading for nymphomania. Whereas the narrator, Andy, has a chance; his mother was “common,” and he began with eight years outside. He alone can throw off the feudal taint, and—after the war and ten years of exile—cope with a new era.

The author has more command of background than of personal relations. But the separate figures are striking—at least, the men.

“Tendency to Corrupt,” by R. E. Barker (Cassell; 15s.), might be called a documentary pamphlet. Martin Storme is a rising young novelist. His publishers have the highest character, and when his latest book, “Sudden Joy,” happens to be swept up by the police in a pornography-raid, they are not worried; they look on it as mere chance. So it was; and so is the prosecution of author, publishers and managing director for “obscene libel.” In reality, the story denounced is common form; the social set-up implied has no existence. Yet for the young man, and Palfrey, the managing director, the ensuing experience is worse than a nightmare; it is a kind of brain-washing. Very convincing, very gripping.

“She Wouldn’t Say Who,” by Delano Ames (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), features Dagobert and Jane Brown in the rôles of wage-earner and suburban housewife. The Nid, Lathomstowe, is the Perfect Home; in fact, it drove Beryl’s husband to Canada with a red-haired typist. Hardly has Jane been inspired to write their story, and named it “How Long, O Lord,” than she finds herself living it. Now *she* is the housebound little woman, Dagobert the wanderer; his redhead even chases him to The Nid . . . But it is all right; it is only about a stage version of “How Long, O Lord.” The suburban venture dissolves into a theatrical venture. Excellent villain; very good fun. Never mind the plot.

CHess NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

ONCE again the Soviet chess team has scored a resounding victory, beating Yugoslavia by 42 to 22. As Yugoslavia has good claims to be the strongest chess-playing country outside Russia (only Hungary could seriously dispute this claim), this score—almost two to one, and considerably more than two to one on won games—i.e., excluding draws—is most impressive.

We often feature brevities in this column, but seldom are the victims players of the class of Pirc and Trifunovic. Two games from the match:

ENGLISH OPENING V. KING’S INDIAN.

White	Black	White	Black
Pirc	BOESLAVSKY	Pirc	BOESLAVSKY
Yugoslavia	U.S.S.R.	Yugoslavia	U.S.S.R.
1. P-QB4	Kt-KB3	6. Kt-B3	Kt-B3
2. P-KKt3	P-KKt3	7. Castles	Kt-KR4
3. B-Kt2	B-Kt2	8. B-Q2	P-B4
4. Kt-QB3	P-Q3	9. R-Kt1	P-B5
5. P-Q3	Castles		
It soon becomes obvious that Pirc should not have let this pawn get so far: it strangles his game.			
10. Kt-Q5	P-K4	13. P×Kt	B-Kt5
11. P-QKt4	Kt-K2	14. Q-B2	
12. P-K3	Kt×Kt		
14. P-KR3? would lose a pawn, through the reply 14. . . . B×Kt followed by 15. . . . P×KtP.			
14. . . .	Q-Q2	17. B-B3	R-B2
15. QR-B1	QR-B1	18. KP×P	Kt×BP!
16. Q-B4	P-KR3	19. P×Kt	R×P

Attacking queen and knight simultaneously, he recovers the piece, remaining a pawn up; but more serious to White is the wrecking of his king’s position.

20. P-Q4 B×Kt 21. B×B Q-R6!  
Now 22. B-KKt2 or 22. B-KR1 would lose to 22. . . . R-Kt5(ch) and 22. B-K2 to the rather cunning 22. . . . R-R5.

22. Q-Q3 R×B 24. Q-Kt3 Q-B4  
23. Q×P R-B3 Resigns

For if White tries to save his queen (threatened by . . . R-Kt3) by playing 25. K-R1, 25. . . . R-Kt3 leaves him, ultimately, unable to prevent . . . Q-B6ch; e.g., 25. K-R1, R-Kt3; 26. Q-K3, P×P; 27. B×P, B×B would cost him a piece.

MODERN BENONI.

White	Black	White	Black
TAIMANOV	TRIFUNOVIC	TAIMANOV	TRIFUNOVIC
Black takes seven moves with his knights to attain squares which could have been reached in three; in the end, his knight on QKt5 is really out of play—and the other on KB3 plays an ignominious part in the final <i>débâcle</i> .			
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	13. P-KR3	R-K1
2. P-QB4	P-QB4	14. Q-B3	R-Kt1
3. P-Q5	P-K3	15. P-QR4	Kt-R3
4. Kt-QB3	P×P	16. Kt-B4	Kt-QKt5
5. P×P	P-Q3	17. B-Kt1	P-QR3
6. P-K4	P-KKt3	18. P-R5	B-B1
7. P-B4	B-Kt2	19. P-B5	B-K2
8. B-Kt5ch	KKt-Q2	20. P×P	BP×P
9. B-Q3	Castles	21. P-K5!	P×P
10. Kt-B3	Kt-R3	22. P-Q6	B×QP
11. Castles	Kt-B2	23. Kt×B	Q×Kt
12. Kt-Q2	Kt-B3	24. Kt-K4	Resigns

Black’s knight is pinned, not against a queen or king, but against a square; to allow 25. Q-B7ch would be disastrous.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THEATRE AND CHILDHOOD; POEMS AND TRAVEL.

THERE is no trace of drama in Saxon England,” writes Mr. W. Bridges-Adams in “The Irresistible Theatre,” Volume I (Secker and Warburg; 42s.), “whether native or imported, nor of the actor, even in any of the disguises that necessity compelled him to assume.” I had thought as much—having no high opinion of our Saxon ancestors, Nature’s rowing men, their pale-blue eyes vacant with mead. When Mr. Bridges-Adams makes a statement like this it proceeds from the vast knowledge of the theatre and the deep scholarship which informs all of this fascinating book. Drama, he says, has been defined as character revealed in action, and it is born when acting mates with the story. In its turn acting is born when mimicry mates with lyricism. It would be difficult to find a better definition—by Mr. Bridges-Adams, out of the great critics of the past—of what drama, in fact, is. The author rightly points out that mimicry by itself does not constitute acting and the mimics of the animal kingdom have no great capacity for dramatic art. He makes one exception. The dog, he feels, is that exception. “The game of Finding It is a well-composed one-dog drama, complete with exposition, conflict, crisis and dénouement. Nor is it entirely a dumb-show. At appropriate moments of the action there will be utterance, in the form of lyrically heightened barks; because the very heart of the matter is that everything is happening in a world of make-believe far removed from, yet mysteriously interpreting, the world in which one hunts cats, goes out with the guns, or eats one’s dinner.”

Mr. Bridges-Adams’ volume is, I am happy to see, only the first of a series and carries us from the Conquest through the Morality plays, the great age of the Tudors to the Commonwealth. I, for one, shall look forward eagerly to the next volume, which will presumably start with Restoration Comedy, when, from so nimble a pen, we must expect some delightful capers; indeed, that is what is so pleasing about the present volume. Mr. Bridges-Adams was for some years before the war Director (a pioneering one, if I remember) of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon. He has the depth of scholarship, the profundity of knowledge and the width of culture which is gloriously out-of-place in a world of “Eleven Plus,” “O” and “A” levels, and the gigglings of television parlour games which pass for education in our modern democracy. A nimble wit! This, too, is not surprising in the most admirable author of light verse of our time. (I am happy to hear that for the first time his verses are likely to be published.) This is a book to please the scholar, inform the student and delight the general reader.

Another writer, whom I have long admired but, unlike Mr. Bridges-Adams, I do not know personally, is Mr. Geoffrey Dennis, the author of “Till Seven” (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 18s.). To say that this is a remarkable book is to use an under-statement. Mr. Dennis has deliberately taken the first seven years of his life and recreated them with the aid of what must be a most remarkable memory. How dull normally are those pages of an autobiography headed “Childhood and Early Life.” The great man, the famous woman, too often appears as a self-conscious prig, and their attitude towards their vanished selves is rather that of the school Speech Day bore dilating on “the best years of your life,” or pointing out how they always succeeded in being in the bottom of the form.

I do not know which to admire more: Mr. Dennis’s fantastically vivid memory or his recreation of the child who is linked to him “by name, by continuity of body and spirit, and, mysteriously and alone effectively, by Memory.” My own early memories go back to a two-year-old vision of baby tortoises waddling out of a pond under an Indian sun, and a clear memory of the arrival of my younger sister three days before my third birthday. But I can claim to nothing like the richness of memories here set down by Mr. Dennis. For parents of young children he has done a greater service than could be done by all the books on Child-Welfare produced by all the Harley Street Child-Psychologists put together. It is charming and for one who, like myself, has young children, chastening and important.

Mr. Richard Church recently wrote his autobiography under the title “Over the Bridge.” He has now produced a book of verse to add to his impressive record under the title of “The Inheritors” (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.). These agreeable and, as in such poems as “The Hospital,” deeply-moving verses, put Mr. Church, if not among the great poets, certainly high up in the Beta Plus class. This collection reminds me of one of my favourite “slim volumes” of poetry: “The King’s Daughter,” by Miss Victoria Sackville-West, published nearly thirty years ago.

I have left myself too little space to do more than refer to Miss Doris Lessing’s book “Going Home” (Michael Joseph; 21s.). This is the description of Miss Lessing’s recent return to Southern Rhodesia after a long interval. I do not entirely agree with all Miss Lessing’s views, but I like the manner in which she introduces them.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.



*The Romans, now apparently lacking further divinities after which the months could be named, simply called this Eighth Month having begun their year in March. Regrettably, they continued on this unimaginative course to the end of the year.*

**H**ereditary is an odd thing. The gourmet, savouring the pleasures of pheasant, of nuts and wine, of Doyenne de Comice (that queen of all dessert pears) owes something of his pleasure to those Saxon forbears whose appreciation of such things led them to name this the Month of Wine. And the Soccer enthusiast, now well into his form, has something in common with the men who came over with Caesar. Look in at any big match. The spectacle differs only in degree from a gala performance at the Coliseum; and you will hear, showered with fine impartiality upon the contestants, advice of a kind which every gladiator who ever had an off-day would surely recognise. Fortunately, this advice is seldom practical and rarely heeded . . . and therein it differs most markedly from that which Midland Bank daily provides for thousands of its customers.

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## THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

### CAR OF THE MONTH—THE AUSTIN A.55 CAMBRIDGE SALOON DE LUXE.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEAVE, B.Sc., A.M.I.MECH.E.

IN February last the Austin A.50 *Cambridge* saloon was replaced by the A.55, which showed considerable improvements in styling. Technical modifications had already been made when the A.50 was shown at Earls Court in October 1956. The present model can, therefore, be considered as representative of Austin design, both in appearance and in performance.

Perhaps the most important change in the styling is the added length of the tail, which not only gives the car more graceful proportions, but also increases the luggage accommodation. The rear wings are extended and carry in their tips flashing direction indicators, red reflectors, and combined tail and stop lamps. A chromium-plated beading runs along the side from wing tip to wing tip in a pleasing curve, adds to the impression of length, and is used as the line of demarcation for a second colour, an optional extra.

The curved windscreen is matched by the wide, curved rear window of wrap-round type, and accordingly an extensive field of vision is obtained both ahead and astern. The driver sees both front wings over the downwardly curving bonnet.

Although the *Cambridge* is classed as a medium-sized car, powered, as it is, by the B.M.C. Series B engine of 1489 c.c., it has a maximum width of 4 ft. 4 ins. across the rear seat and is a five-seater if need be, with sufficient leg room for the comfort of the rear passengers. The *de luxe* saloon has leathered-covered seat cushions and back-rests, and that practical feature—a washable plastic-covered fabric roof lining.

Hinged on their forward edges, the four doors are wide enough for easy access to the seats and carry hinged ventilator panels and elbow-rests. The separate front seats give good support and are easily adjustable, so that the driver can select his best position without incommencing the front passenger.

From the driver's point of view the A.55 is an attractive car. One feels *en rapport* with it immediately, by reason of the good driving vision, the well-arranged controls, and the smooth manner in which they perform their allotted tasks. The 17-in. diameter dished steering-wheel is set at the right angle for comfort, its two spokes are inclined down slightly and do not obstruct sight of the instruments, but the central horn switch seems rather far away and a ring switch would be an advantage.

All three pedals are of pendant type, a convenient height from the floor, and light in operation. There is room for the driver's left foot, and the dip switch is within its easy reach. It may be imagination, or a peculiarity of the actual car tested, but the steering column gear-lever seemed more precise than usual in its movements, and quite free from rattle.

Switches, heater and ventilator controls, handbrake handle of pull-on type, and ash-tray are conveniently grouped in the centre of the fascia, which has a large lock-up compartment for gloves or touring documents in front of the passenger. A very useful parcel shelf runs across the full width of the scuttle.

Performance is rather surprising, considering the roominess of the car and the fact that its engine is only a 1½-litre. It has a long stroke, for these days, the bore being 73.025 mm. and the stroke 89 mm., but it is smooth and quiet throughout its speed range, despite a compression ratio of 8.3 to 1. Its output is 51 b.h.p. at 4250 r.p.m.

First gear is seldom required, as normally second is sufficient for starting from rest on the level, the clutch being smooth in action. From rest a speed of 30 m.p.h. can be reached in seven seconds, and 60 m.p.h. in three or four seconds less than the half-minute. Acceleration can be quite lively, for on the gears speeds of about 20 m.p.h. on first, 40 m.p.h. on second, 60 m.p.h. on third and 80 m.p.h. on top are attainable without distress to the engine.

At the same time the engine is very flexible, and the driver in lazy mood can take advantage of it, seldom needing to change from top, and then finding third gear easily sufficient for the average main-road hill. Gear changes present no difficulty, however, the synchromesh mechanism doing its duty well.

Cruising speed can be as high as 65 m.p.h. with the engine running quietly and smoothly, but the fuel consumption may then be a shade under 30 m.p.g. A rather lower cruising speed will naturally improve this, even well into the 35 m.p.g. range. Confidence in the brakes is necessary, of course, for mile-a-minute cruising; the brakes are Girling hydraulic with

two-leading shoes in the front 9-in. diameter drums, and they are efficient without calling for high pedal pressures.

Lively driving shows the road-holding up to advantage. The steering is light and precise, almost neutral, but self-centres nicely and gives the driver confidence. Cornering fast enough to cause tyre squeal produces little roll, and even on a bumpy surface the car exhibits no tendency to hop. Riding comfort leaves little to be desired; although smaller wheels, of 13-in. diameter, are fitted on the A.55, they carry tubeless tyres of 5.9-in. section, and the combination of springing, large section tyres, and foam-rubber upholstery deals effectively with road shocks.

In its standard of finish and completeness of equipment the car ranks high in its class. On the test car the door sealing was so good that when all windows were closed it was an effort to shut the last door, and of draughts round doors there were none.

Both front doors have key-operated locks, and the driver need not, therefore, dismount or enter on the traffic side. Two sun visors are fitted, also twin windtone horns, and there is provision for radio, which was installed on the test car without taking up any useful passenger space.

Mention has been made of the increased luggage capacity, approximately 14½ cub. ft., but the ease of loading is also a good point. The locker lid opens down to the floor-level, a stay holding the lid well up, so that heavy suitcases have only to be

lifted on to the flat floor. The spare wheel is carried on a tray beneath the locker, and is lowered by applying the starting-handle to a projection through the floor and turning it. Tools are carried in clips on a shelf above the 8½-gallon petrol tank.

The bonnet is released by a control inside the car, and has the usual safety-catch. Access to the engine is reasonably good by modern standards, and the battery is very accessible and can be inspected and topped up without difficulty.

Altogether the A.55 *Cambridge* is a good example of the British medium-size saloon, attractive both in appearance and in performance. Its basic price is £570, and the price with purchase tax £856 7s.

#### MOTORING NOTES.

It was announced by the Automobile Association during August that

its membership had reached the record total of 2,000,000, and that an increase of 1,000,000 had taken place in seven years.

On Thursday, October 3, there opened in Paris the Salon de l'Automobile, the 44th of the series. Cars, caravans, accessories and equipment are displayed in the Grand Palais des Champs Elysées, and commercial vehicles, motor-cycles and cycles in three large halls of the exhibition buildings at the Porte de Versailles. Altogether 1350 exhibitors occupy an area of 21 acres. The Grand Palais is open daily, including Sundays, from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Hard on the heels of the Paris Show comes the 42nd International Motor Show at Earls Court, to be opened at noon on Wednesday, October 16, by the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan, M.P. This year's exhibition will be the largest yet held at Earls Court and the display space will be over 250,000 sq. ft.

On Wednesday, October 2, Vauxhall Motors announced new *Velox* and *Cresta* six-cylinder models of strikingly modern appearance, longer, wider, and lower than the previous E-type. Wheelbase is 2 ins. longer at 8 ft. 9 ins. and the overall height of 4 ft. 9 ins. is 4½ ins. less. The sweeping roof line, panoramic wrap-round screen, and full-width three-piece rear window make the cars very distinctive. The new engine has the same over-square dimensions, but incorporates the technical improvements made in the *Victor*. The gear-box likewise also has synchromesh mechanism on all three forward gears.

The Ford Motor Company of America has introduced a new range of cars named the *Edsel*, after the son of the original Henry Ford. This is a large 6-litre V-eight-engined car, of which the *de luxe* models have automatic transmission controlled by push-buttons in the hub of the steering-wheel. With a compression ratio of 10.5 to 1, the gross power is 345 b.h.p.



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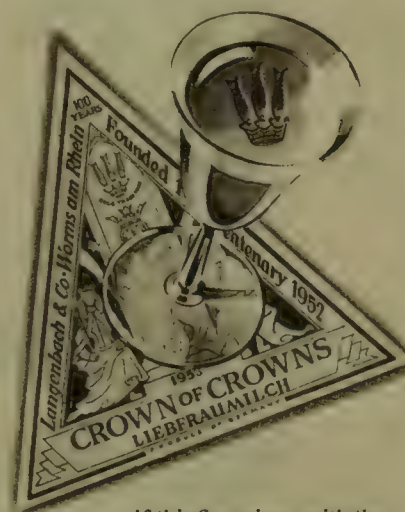


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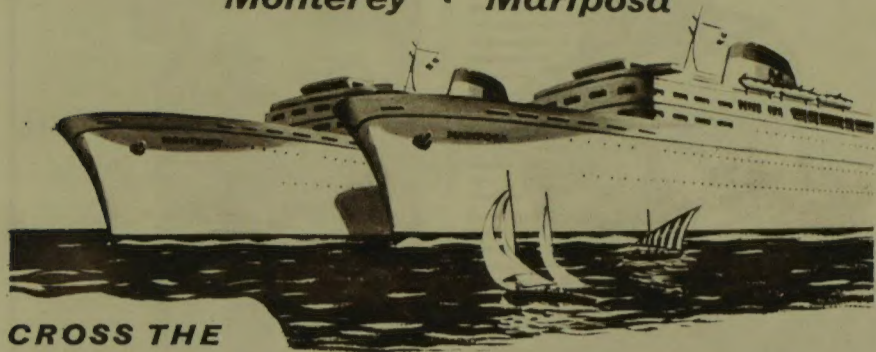
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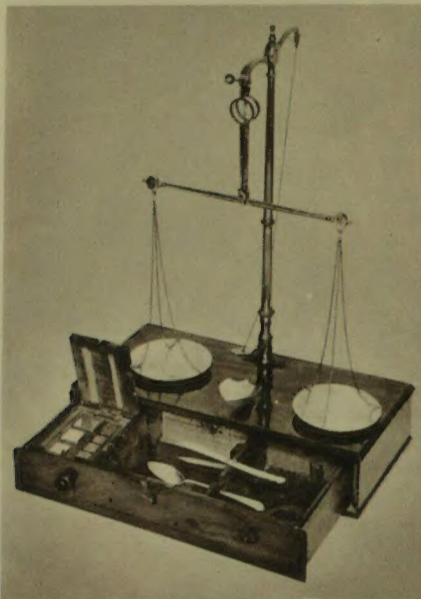
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